★ April 12, 1941

THE NEW YORKER

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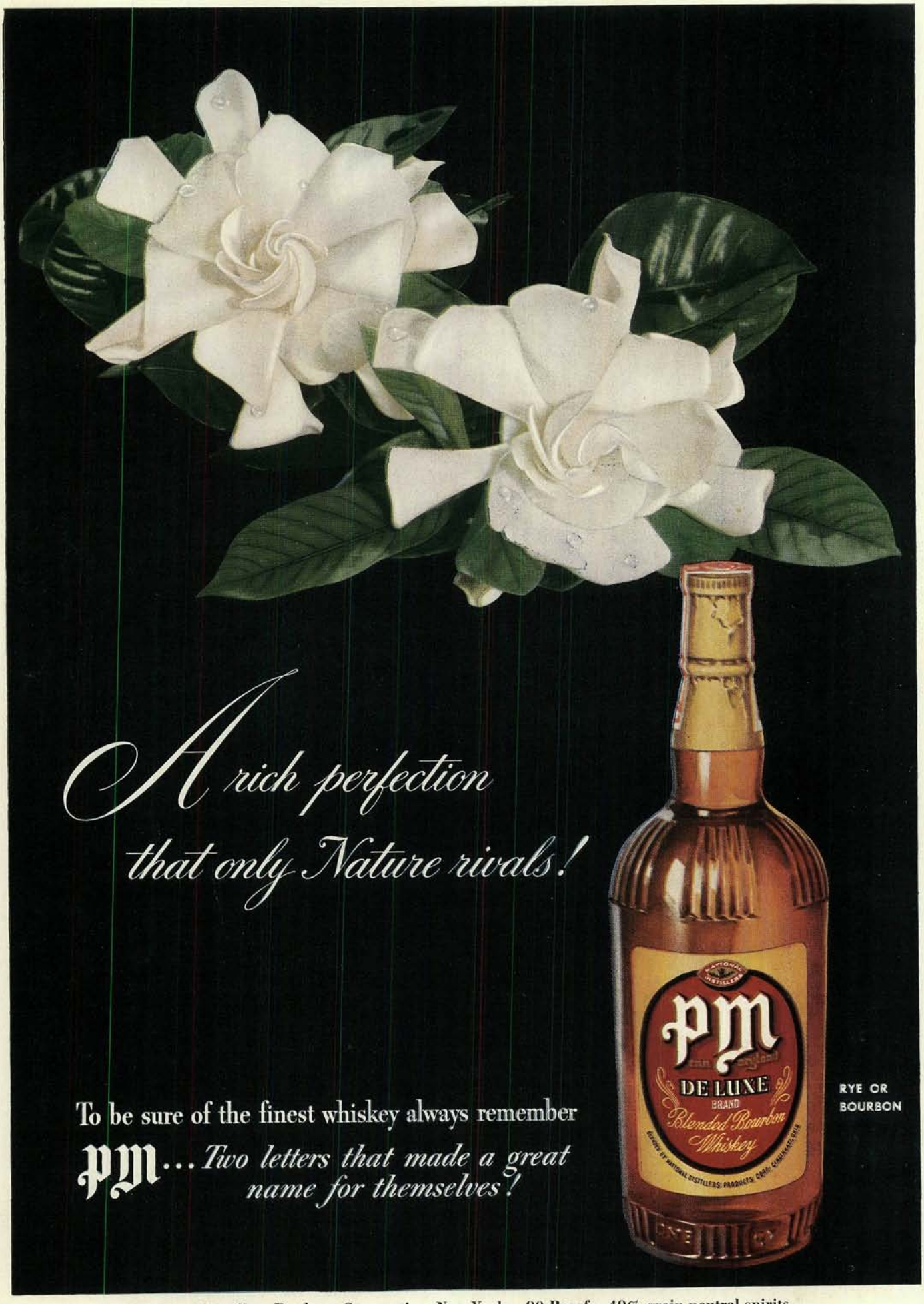

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 19.

THE THEATRE

(As noted below, several extra matinées have been scheduled for the week following Easter. Others may be announced later, so, to be on the safe side, you'd *do well to check with the newspapers.* . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in what is probably the best comedy you will see this year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Charley's Aunt—Joshua Logan's direction and José Ferrer's fine performance make this old chestnut one of the most diverting things on hand at the moment. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046 Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mats. Mon. and Thurs., April 14 and 17.)

Claudia—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a rather disappointing problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Mon., April 14.)

The Corn Is Green—An occasionally moving play, always magnificently acted, in which Ethel Barrymore gets hold of a young Welsh miner and educates him, somewhat against his will. The supporting cast includes Richard Waring, Rhys Williams, Thelma Schnee, and Edmond Breon. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., April 17.)

The Doctor's Dilemma—A first-rate revival of Bernard Shaw's play, exposing medical and artistic morality on one and the same stage. Katharine Cornell and Raymond Massey head a remarkable cast which includes Bramwell Fletcher, Cecil Humphreys, Clarence Derwent, Whitford Kane, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Flight to the West—A planeload of assorted characters on their way from Lisbon to New York conduct an anti-Nazi debate. Elmer Rice's play has its eloquent moments, although not much happens. Betty Field (to be replaced by Sylvia Weld on Sun., April 13), Arnold Moss, Paul Hernried, and Hugh Marlowe do most of the talking. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.; extra Mat. Wed., April 16.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have taken the late Clarence Day's memories of his family and made them into one of the pleasantest comedies you're likely to see. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—Monty Woolley is splendid as the famous raconteur who turns an Ohio household upside down. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Mr. and Mrs. North—Mrs. North solves two murders and also puts the Homicide Squad in its place. Owen Davis has made a very attractive comedy out of the mystery story by Frances and Richard Lockridge. Peggy Conklin and Albert Hackett head the cast. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been adapted to the stage with great ingenuity and spirit. A fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth, Jo Ann Sayers, and Morris Carnovsky. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.; extra Mat. Thurs., April 17.)

Native Son—A lot about Communism and one murder have been omitted from this version of Richard Wright's novel, but it is still a brutal and fascinating play. Canada Lee gives a remarkable performance in the leading rôle and Orson Welles has done an expert job of direction. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.; extra Mat. Wed., April 16.)

Old Acquaintance—John van Druten's comedy about a feud between two literary ladies is pleasant and civilized, though a bit thin in spots. Jane Cowl and Peggy Wood fence as skillfully as possible. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.)

Out of the Frying Pan—A high-spirited farce about the problems confronting boys and girls who are trying to get on the stage. Some professional assistance might improve it, but it is pretty funny just the same. With Alfred Drake, Reynolds Evans, and Florence MacMichael. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.; extra Mat. Wed., April 16, at 2:45.)

Separate Rooms—An old-fashioned farce about a man whose wife prefers to share her room with a little dog. Agreeable enough in its childish way. With Glenda Farrell, Alan Dinehart, and Lyle Talbot. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

The Talley Method—S. N. Behrman's uneven but generally interesting play about a doctor who tries to regiment his own household. Ina Claire and Philip Merivale help immensely in the leading rôles. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

Tobacco Road—Eighth year. With Will Geer. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Tues. through Sat. at 8:45, and Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Watch on the Rhine—Lillian Hellman's story about a refugee who leaves his family in America to go back and fight the Nazis is probably the finest play of the year. Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, Paul Lukas, and George Coulouris head an exceptional cast, and Herman Shumlin's production is magnificent. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Hellz-a-Poppin—Olsen and Johnson and their private madhouse, which has become one of Broadway's oldest institutions. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.; extra Mat. Mon., April 14.)

It Happens on Ice—This ice revue has been revised and now has some new numbers, but no longer Joe Cook. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.; extra Mats. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri., April 14, 15, 17, and 18, at 2:40.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence, skipping back and forth between her psychoanalyst's office and the dreamworld, is magnificent in Moss Hart's musical fantasy, which otherwise might be rather tiresome. Ira Gershwin and Kurt Weill are responsible for the songs. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. Mon. through Sat. at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Victor Moore's efforts to clean up New Orleans are hampered by Vera Zorina, William Gaxton, Irene Bordoni, and a lot of other people. A superior musical comedy, with a book by Morrie Ryskind and songs by Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Meet the People—Some of this Hollywood revue is familiar and some of it is dull, but the girls and the music are both attractive enough, and you will probably have a pretty good time. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 5-5357. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Pal Joey—Gene Kelly, Vivienne Segal, June Havoc, and Jack Durant represent the perfect heel and a few of his little playmates in this musical comedy based on John O'Hara's *New Yorker* series. A very original and satisfactory piece of work, with some fine songs by Rodgers and Hart. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Panama Hattie—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter's songs in an excellent musical comedy that has something to do with love and intrigue in the Canal Zone. With Arthur Treacher, James Dunn, and Rags Ragland. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Mon. through Sat. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

OPENING

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Night Before Christmas—A comedy by Laura and S. J. Perelman, with Phyllis Brooks and Ruth Weston. Staged by Romney Brent and produced by Courtney Burr. Opens Thurs., April 10. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. No performance Thurs., April 17. Extra performances Sun., April 13, at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.)

MISCELLANY

British Benefit—John Buckmaster has organized a variety program which will include Sir James Barrie's short play "Shall We Join the Ladies," with Constance Collier, Dudley Digges, Philip Merivale, and Peggy Wood, among others: Sat. Eve., April 19, at midnight. (Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-8707.)

The Trojan Women—The Experimental Theatre's first production will be the Euripedes tragedy, staged by Margaret Webster, with a cast which includes Dame May Whitty, Miss Webster, and Tamara Geva: Sun. Eve., April 13, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046.)

Children's Entertainment—Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman will present a series of recitals designed especially for children: Fri. Aft., April 18, at 4, and Sat. Aft., April 19, at 3. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.) . . . The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Hansel and Gretel": Sat. Aft., April 19, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Larry Siry's orchestra is playing in the Trianon Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Café Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—This has been going strong ever since Felix Ferry thought it up a year ago. Leo Dryer's orchestra will be replaced by Bob Knight's on Tues., April 15.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—An excellent tropical one, all done up with mirrors and white palm trees. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—You'll never guess what they have here. Zebra stripes! They have Ernie Holst's orchestra, too, and some Spanish dancers, a Mexican singer, and Don De Vodi's rumba band.

Féfé's Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-7341)—As good as they come, of course. There are songs by Tito Guizar, and Ted Straeter's orchestra plays for dancing.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular place among unhurried people who regard dancing as an art rather than an exercise. Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

Park Lane, Park at 48 (WI 2-4100)—Herbert Hagenor's orchestra, playing for dinner dancing in the Tapestry Room, will be replaced by Harold Spierer's on Fri., April 11.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room's present show, with Mary Raye and Naldi, will be replaced on Sat., April 12, by a new one, with Paul Haakon at the dinner hour and the De Marcos at supper. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band will stay on. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—This skyscraping aerie has a new show, with Mili Monti, Matty Malneck's orchestra, and the Velero Sisters' rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Barry Winton's orchestra continues to play in the informal Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Dorothy

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BOURJOIS

NEW YORK

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lewis, Hazel Franklin, and other ice-skaters are cutting up handsomely in the Iridium Room, with Hal Saunders' orchestra perched on the edge of the rink. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Hildegarde is back again in the Café Lounge, where Bob Grant's orchestra plays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Music by Sonny Kendis's and Ray Benson's orchestras.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, flavored with a dash of Broadway. Sheila Barrett and Paul Draper are there now, and the music is by Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Adelaide Moffett will be in the Empire Room until it closes for the season on Sat., April 12. Leighton Noble's orchestra will be there, too, except for the last night, when there'll be a fill-in band. The same evening a Bundles for Britain benefit will reopen the Sert Room, where Xavier Cugat's orchestra will play and Rosario and Antonio will head the show.

Supper Clubs—For times when you want entertainment but don't want to dance—**Le Ruban Bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a bandbox of a place, with Mildred Bailey, Brenda Forbes, and other capable performers. . . . **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (EL 5-9215): Spivy has a fine collection of robust songs and Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen contribute their share of swing. . . . **Brevoort**, 5 Ave. at 8 (ST 9-7300): Paula Laurence singing sly songs every night, except Mon. . . . **Penthouse Club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the incidental music is pleasant, and so are the lights of the Park below.

Miscellaneous—At **La Martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a shrine of the rumba- and conga-worshippers, with Danny Kaye and, naturally, a rumba band. Closed Mon. . . . **Le Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an inviting spot to try for a casual good time. Music by George Sterney's orchestra. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy. . . . **Montparnasse**, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345): a favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. . . . **Café Society Uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with Jack Gilford and such expert Negro entertainers as Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's orchestra. . . . **La Conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): one flight down, with South American entertainment and Jack Harris's orchestra. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy for dropping into after a concert—it's practically part of Carnegie Hall. . . . **Biltmore**, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920): Clyde Lucas's orchestra. . . . **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Paul Baron's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Woody Herman's orchestra will be replaced by Bobby Byrne's on Fri., April 11. . . . **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **Roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **St. Moritz**, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra will be replaced by another on Fri., April 11. . . . **Warwick**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded retreat, with magic by Russell Swann and music by Art Barker's orchestra. . . . **Bill's Gay Nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): if you don't mind smoke-filled cellars, you'll probably enjoy the Revuers. Closed Mon. . . . **Jimmy Kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): one of the Village's lively late spots for the sturdy.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **Diamond Horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Dr. Rockwell, and Joe E. Howard are all in the Billy Rose show. . . . **Gay White Way**, B'way at 48 (CI 7-4400): George White mixes the past with the present in his big show. Shep Fields' orchestra. . . . **Beachcomber**, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): South Sea atmosphere, with Carmen Amaya, the gypsy dancer, and Pancho's rumba band. . . . **Havana-Madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place. . . . **18 Club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White, Frankie Hyers, and Pat Harrington aren't any too fastidious about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

Mostly for Music—At **Café Society Downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Kenneth Spencer, Art Tatum, Ammons and Johnson, and Red Allen's band. Closed Mon. . . . **Nick's**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Jimmy McPartland has joined the regulars who play here every night, except Mon. . . . **Kelly's Stable**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): Maxine Sullivan, the Clarence Profit Trio, and Frank Newton's band are on hand nightly, except Tues. . . . **Hickory House**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Babe Russin and his orchestra, with the bar patrons for an audience.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **Castleholm**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Polish: **Polish Restaurant**, 151 E. 57 (PL 3-2816). . . . Russian: **Kretchma**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **El Chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646); and **Club Gaucho**, 245 Sullivan (GR 7-4833).

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 19.

ART

Benton—New paintings, in his first showing in two years: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

Blatas—Oils, smudgily Soutinesque in treatment but forceful and well organized: French Art, 51 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 26.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway—The eleventh biennial water-color exhibition, including many lively papers. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 11.

Cañedo—Surrealist paintings, somewhat in the style of Di Chirico but less assured in design: Schneider-Gabriel, 71 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., April 18.

Dickinson—Landscapes done in agreeably muted greens: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 19.

Dove—New paintings, deeper in color but as whirly and fanciful as ever: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 17.

Drawings—Wide selection of works, from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries, by artists of all schools: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 26.

Early American—Middling good portraits by Copley, Stuart, and so on and a superb set of old-fashioned mosaic glass paperweights in a Bundles for Britain benefit show: Lyon, 15 E. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through April 25.

European—Rather scattered but occasionally interesting collection of post-Renaissance paintings, from Van Cleve to Tiepolo: Koetser, 71 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30.

Fingesten—Small sculptures, baroque in style, in a promising first one-man showing: Sterner, 9 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 19.

French—At the **Matisse**, 41 E. 57: the more advanced Paris painters in a generally colorful exhibit. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 12. . . . **Buchholz**, 32 E. 57: drawings and water colors by Braque, Léger, Picasso, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 26. . . . **Knoedler**, 14 E. 57: a remarkably absorbing collection of early paintings by Monet, Pissarro, and Sisley. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 19.

Grosz—A painter who's been specializing in still lifes now turns his attention to nudes: Walker, 108 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 26.

Group—A spring exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by a variety of contemporary Americans: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 26.

Laurent—A highly intelligent, deeply sophisticated American sculptor in one of his rare showings: Valentine, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 19.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—An exhibition of American Indian art that offers some handsome carvings, paintings, metalwork, and sculpture, in addition to baskets and blankets. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through April 27.

New York Historical Society, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76—Large showing of New York subjects, from seventeenth-century prints to modern paintings and drawings. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 18.

Palmer—Wash drawings, delicate in texture and curiously rococo in style: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 12.

Pissarro—A beautifully selected retrospective exhibition of twenty-nine paintings, covering his work from 1864 to 1901: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 22.

Rouault—Thirty-eight paintings, mostly from the recent loan show at the Boston Institute of Modern Art: Harriman, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—New York City as artists have seen it, making a big, nostalgic exhibition that ranges from Henri and Bellows to contemporary painters. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., April 16.

Here and There—At the **Contemporary Arts**, 38 W. 57: sculptures by Fingal Rosenqvist. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 12. . . . **Julien Levy**, 15 E. 57: paintings and drawings by Tamara de Lempicka. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 19. . . . **Macbeth**, 11 E. 57: paintings by Orland Campbell. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 28. . . . **Perls**, 32 E. 58: paintings by modern Mexican artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 3. . . . **Milch**, 108 W. 57: water colors by John Whorf. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 26. . . . **Weyhe**, 794 Lexington, at 61: paintings and drawings by Federico Castellón. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 26. . . . **Parzinger**, 54 E. 57: religious art in sculpture, paintings, and other media. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 10. . . . **Harlow, Keppel**, 670 5 Ave., at 53: oils and black-and-whites by Forain. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 26. . . . **Nierendorf**, 18 E. 57: paintings and water colors by Josef Scharl. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 22. . . . **Ferargil**, 63 E. 57: paintings by Leon Dabo. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 12. . . . **Museum of Natural History**, Central Pk. W. at 79: water colors by Courtenay Brandreth. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **Lilienfeld**, 21 E. 57: paintings by Derain, Dufy, Feininger, and Nordfeldt, among others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 26.

ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN,

of the Archdiocese of New York. At eleven o'clock this Sunday he will don the gold vestments and precious mitre brought from Rome by Cardinal Farley in 1911 and celebrate his second Easter High Mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral. He's the only archbishop we ever heard of who knows how to fly an airplane.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460. Other box-office numbers are given below.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Barbirolli conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., April 10, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., April 13, at 3; Thurs. Eve., April 17, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., April 18, at 2:30. (Soloists: Reisenberg, April 10; Traubel, April 13; Milstein, April 17-18.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat. Morn., April 19, at 11.

N.B.C. Symphony—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Eve., April 19, at 9:35. (Soloist: Horowitz.)

New York City Symphony—Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Music Project orchestra: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Eve., April 13, at 8:45.

Cantata Singers—Mendel conducting the Bach St. John Passion: All Souls Church, Lexington at 80, Wed. Eve., April 16, at 8:15. (For tickets, write to the Cantata Singers, 9 E. 59.)

World's Fair Band—Captain La Barre conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., April 18, at 8:30.

Juilliard Orchestra and Chorus—Stoessel conducting Parker's "Hora Novissima": Sat. Eve., April 19, at 8:30. (130 Claremont Ave., at 122. MO 2-3302.)

OPERA

Metropolitan—Special Holy Week performances: "Parsifal," Fri. Aft., April 11; "Tristan und Isolde," Sat. Aft., April 12. (For curtain times, it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office. PE 6-1210.)

Salmaggi Company—"Aida," Sat. Eve., April 12, at 8:30; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sun. Eve., April 13, at 8:30; "Carmen," Sat.

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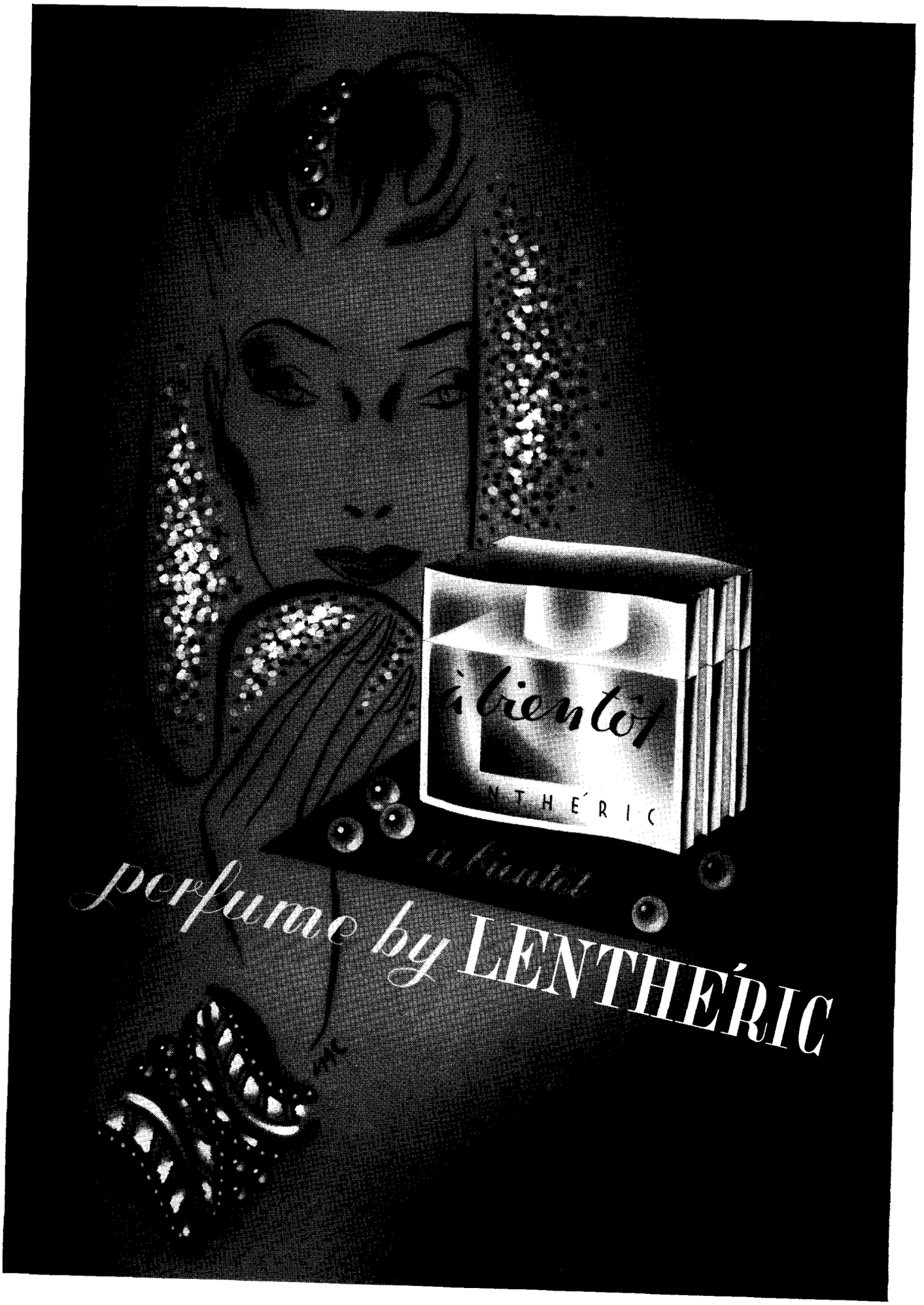

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Eve., April 19, at 8:15. (Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-8707.)

SPORTS

Baseball—Games are at 3 P.M., unless otherwise noted—**Ebbets Field:** Dodgers vs. Yankees, Fri. through Sun., April 11-13 (exhibition games); Dodgers vs. Giants, Tues. through Thurs., April 15-17. . . . **Polo Grounds:** Giants vs. Cleveland. Sat. and Sun., April 12-13 (exhibition games); Giants vs. Philadelphia, Fri., April 18, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat., April 19. . . . **Yankee Stadium:** Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Tues. through Thurs., April 15-17, at 3:15 P.M.

Crew—Sat. Aft., April 19—Columbia-Rutgers, Harlem River: junior varsity at 1:30; varsity at 2. . . . Navy-Princeton, Annapolis: junior varsity at 3:30; varsity at 4.

Hunt Races—Middleburg Hunt Race Association, Middleburg, Va., Sat. Aft., April 12, at 2. . . . Grand National Point-to-Point, Hereford Farms, Md., Sat. Aft., April 19, at 4.

Racing—The local season opens at Jamaica, Sat. Aft., April 12; races weekdays at 2:15 P.M.; through May 10. Paumonok Handicap, April 12; Excelsior Handicap, April 19. (Special trains will leave Penn. Station frequently between 12:05 and 1:40 P.M. on Sats., and between 12:20 and 1:40 P.M. on other weekdays.)

OTHER EVENTS

The Circus—The Ringling show, with a double order of gorillas and Norman Bel Geddes trimmings: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.; through May 4.

Photography—The yearly exhibition of news pictures and other work by members of the Press Photographers' Association: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through April 20.

Benefits and Public Balls—The American Ball, for men in uniform: Park Lane, Sat. Eve., April 12, at 10. . . . Annual Easter Bonnet and Top Hat Luncheon, for the Stage Relief Fund: Sherry-Netherland, Sun. Aft., April 13, at 1. . . . The Treasurers' Club's annual shindy: Waldorf-Astoria, Sun. Eve., April 13, at 8:30. . . . The Cinderella Ball, for the National Association of Day Nurseries: Waldorf-Astoria, Wed. Eve., April 16, at 10. . . . The Ballet Ball, for British dancers: St. Regis, Thurs. Eve., April 17, at 11. . . . The Waltz Ball, for the National Orchestral Association: Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., April 18, at 10:30. . . . The Illustrators' Ball: Waldorf-Astoria, Fri. Eve., April 18, at 10.

Auctions—At the **Parke-Bernet Galleries**, 30 E. 57—English and French furniture, and antique and modern silver, china, and glass, belonging to Mrs. Alice Ward Riano, the late Martin Beck, and others: Sat. Aft., April 12, at 2. . . . The first part of the A. Edward Newton collection of books and manuscripts: Wed. through Fri. Eves., April 16-18, at 8:15, and Thurs. Aft., April 17, at 2. **Hotel Roosevelt**—Original manuscripts by Van Wyck Brooks, John Steinbeck, Edgar Lee Masters, and many other contemporary writers, to be sold for the benefit of sharecroppers: Thurs. Eve., April 10, at 8.

Note—State income-tax returns must be mailed in time to be postmarked before midnight, Tues., April 15.

ON THE AIR

Baseball—Dodgers vs. Yankees, at Ebbets Field: Fri. through Sun. Afts., April 11-13, at 2:55, WOR.

Brahms' Requiem—By the St. Thomas Church Choir: Fri. Aft., April 11, at 2, WJZ. . . . By the All Angels Church Choir: Fri. Eve., April 11, at 11, WABC.

Easter Programs—Sun., April 13: Vatican services and Pope Pius's benediction, at 6 A.M., WOR. . . . Sunrise services from Arlington Cemetery, at 7:30 A.M., WJZ. . . . Easter greetings from British children here to their parents in England, at 12 noon, WEAF. . . . "Easter Sunday in Britain," a roundup by Edward R. Murrow and other reporters in England, at 5:30 P.M., WABC.

Symphonic Music—Alfred Wallenstein's Sinfonietta, Thurs. Eves. at 9:30, WOR. . . . Symphonic Strings, Wallenstein conducting, Fri. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eves. at 9:35, WJZ. . . . N.B.C. String Symphony, Black conducting, Sun. Afts. at 2, WEAF. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli conducting, Sun. Afts. at 3, WABC (soloist, Traubel, April 13). . . . Ford Symphony, Sun. Eves. at 9, WABC (soloists, Jepson, Kullman, Swarthout, and others, April 13).

This and That—Bing Crosby and Connie Boswell, Thurs. Eves. at 9, WEAF. . . . Alec Templeton, Fri. Eves. at 7:30, WEAF. . . . "Information Please," Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WEAF. . . . André Kostelanetz and Albert Spalding, Sun. Afts. at 4:30, WABC (soloist, Pons, April 13). . . . Helen Hayes Theatre, Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC. . . . Edgar Bergen, Sun. Eves. at 8, WEAF. . . . Basin Street Chamber Music Society, Mon. Eves. at 9:30, WJZ. . . . Bob Hope, Tues. Eves. at 10, WEAF. . . . Fred Allen, Wed. Eves. at 9, WABC.

News Commentators—John Gunther, Fri. Eves. at 8, WJZ. . . . Elmer Davis, Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WABC. . . . H. V. Kaltenborn, Sat. Eves. at 7:45, and Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF. . . . Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, Sun. Eves. at 7:30, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Tues. and Thurs. Eves. at 8, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon., Tues., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

Television—Baseball: Dodgers vs. Yankees, at Ebbets Field, Fri. Aft., April 11, at 2:30, W2XBS.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 19.

MOTION PICTURES

Back Street—Margaret Sullavan as the lovely lady doomed to a lifelong love and misery (with lovely clothes). Charles Boyer is also in it. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., April 12. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Fri. through Mon., April 11-14. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., April 12-14. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Wed., April 16.)

Blackout—A London thriller of spies, passion, and gallant and most unlikely adventure, all exciting. With Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., April 11. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Tues. and Wed., April 15-16.)

Fantasia—Don't be scared off by what you hear of it. There are beautiful moments for all, and even the simplest Mickey Mouse-ite has his chance. (Broadway, B'way at 53; daily at 2:40 and 8:40 P.M.; extra performances Sat. at 10:40 A.M. and Sun. at 5:40 P.M.)

Go West—The Marx Brothers let loose upon the wild plains of frontier days. What might be called hilarious. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; and Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; through Mon., April 14. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Fri. through Sun., April 11-13.)

The Great Dictator—The Charlie Chaplin picture, which for a while was one of the controversial subjects of the day and probably belongs in your culture course. (State, B'way at 45; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Wed., April 16.)

Meet John Doe—Frank Capra's lengthy dissertation on the simple American citizen and his problems, featuring Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper, and Edward Arnold. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

Mr. and Mrs. Smith—Although directed by Alfred Hitchcock, this is just a so-so comedy of married life, intended for the more loyal fans of Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; through Sat., April 12. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sat. through Tues., April 12-15. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sun. through Wed., April 13-16.)

Night Train—Spies, the Gestapo, Berlin, and England in another British thriller of the first rank. With Margaret Lockwood and Rex Harrison, and altogether something to give you exquisite jitters. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; Hamilton, B'way at 146; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., April 16.)

Pépé le Moko—The French film from which came our "Algiers." Though worn now, it's still of strange interest. With Jean Gabin. (World, 153 W. 49.)

The Philadelphia Story—Katharine Hepburn, with James Stewart and Cary Grant, in a triumphant rendering of the Barry play, and never better on the screen in her life. A superior picture. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., April 10. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., April 12-14.)

Pot o' Gold—Easygoing little pastime effect, with Paulette Goddard and James Stewart. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; through Wed., April 16.)

The Sea Wolf—Enthralling and strenuous version of the old Jack London story, with Ida Lupino, John Garfield, and Edward G. Robinson most concerned. (Strand, B'way at 47; Thurs., April 10.)

Seven Sinners—Sailor brawls, South Sea Islands, and Marlene Dietrich singing "I Can't Give You Anything but Love." (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Sat., April 12.)

Strawberry Blonde—The tale of a dentist from "One Sunday Afternoon," with Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney. Plain American folk, you know, around 1900. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Thurs., April 10. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., April 11. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; Sat. through Wed., April 12-16. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sun. and Mon., April 13-14. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Tues. and Wed., April 15-16.)

That Hamilton Woman!—Vivien Leigh as Emma, the most beautiful model of them all, and Laurence Olivier as her famous sailor. Not so much history as just a big costume piece. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

The Thief of Bagdad—Lots of pretty views, Technicolored, of "Arabian Nights" landscapes, architecture, flying carpets, and a djinni. With Sabu and Conrad Veidt. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Tues. through Thurs., April 15-17.)

Tobacco Road—Jeeter Lester and his clan in a sketchy film which hardly suggests the wild, racy humor of either play or book. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., April 10. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., April 11. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., April 14.)

REVIVALS

Beau Geste (1939)—The Foreign Legion and Gary Cooper in the desert. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., April 15-16.)

Berkeley Square (1933)—Leslie Howard in his famous stage rôle. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. and Mon., April 13-14.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Very French. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. and Thurs., April 16-17.)

Cavalcade (1933)—Noel Coward's troubled England. Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., April 11.)

Chaplin Comedies (1916-17)—"The Vagabond," "The Immigrant," "The Cure," "The Count," "The Adventurer," and "Easy Street," all two-reel shorts. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12.)

Escape Me Never (1935)—Elisabeth Bergner in her Broadway success. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., April 11.)

The Garden of Allah (1936)—The Hichens novel about desert love. Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, and Technicolor. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., April 12.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., April 10. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; through Fri., April 11. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. through Sat., April 15-19.)

It's a Wonderful World (1939)—With Claudette Colbert, as a funny poet, and James Stewart. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Thurs., April 10. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., April 13-15.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. (Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Tues., April 13-15.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as an ordinary young couple. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Sat., April 12.)

Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Wed. and Thurs., April 16-17.)

Stolen Life (1939)—Elisabeth Bergner as twins. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., April 10.)

Two Hearts in Waltz Time (1930)—Typical Viennese operetta. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., April 11-17.)

Vivacious Lady (1938)—Ginger Rogers as a night-club singer and James Stewart as a professor. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Thurs., April 10. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., April 11. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Mon., April 12-14. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; Tues. and Wed., April 15-16.)

The Young in Heart (1938)—Sentimental age-and-youth comedy. Minnie Dupree, Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Sun. and Mon., April 13-14.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing a series of American comedies weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: On **Thurs., April 10:** "High and Dizzy," Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis; "The Navigator," Buster Keaton; and "Dream of a Rarebit Fiend." **Fri., April 11:** "He Comes Up Smiling" and "A Modern Musketeer," both with Douglas Fairbanks. **Sat., April 12:** four 1915 Chaplin films. **Sun., April 13:** four 1916 Chaplin films. **Mon., April 14:** four 1917 Chaplin films. **Tues., April 15:** "The Thin Man," Myrna Loy and William Powell. **Wed., April 16:** "What! No Beer?," Buster Keaton and Jimmy Durante.

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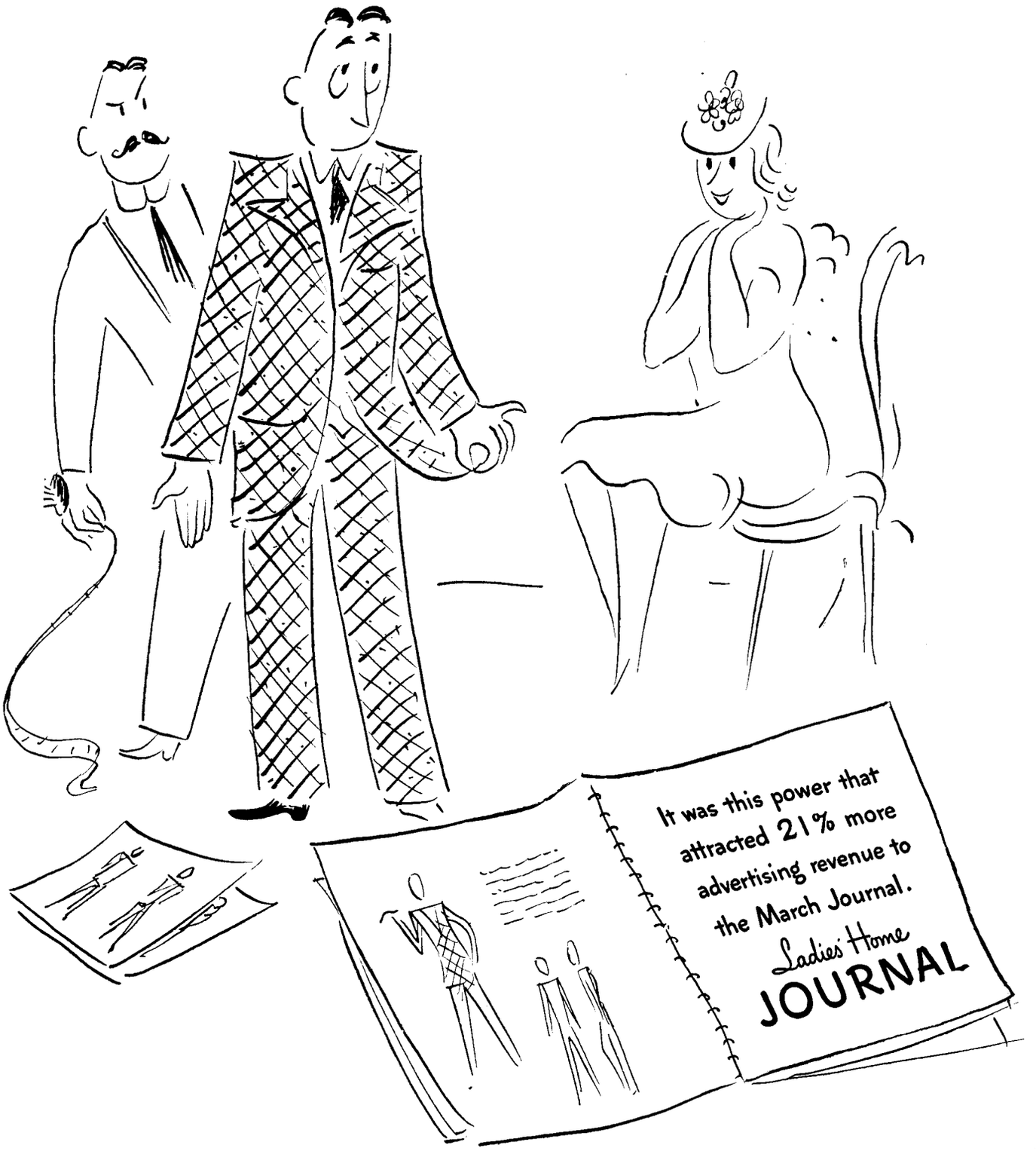
Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



THE LARGEST AUDITED MAGAZINE CIRCULATION IN THE WORLD

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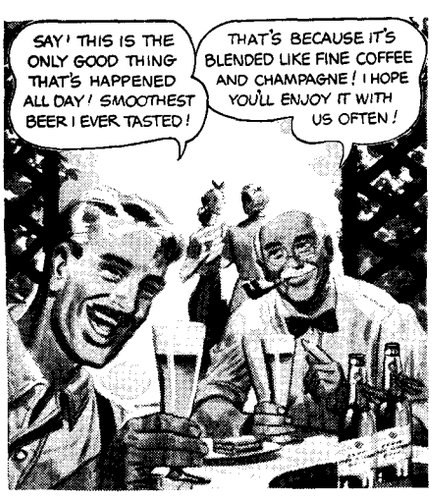
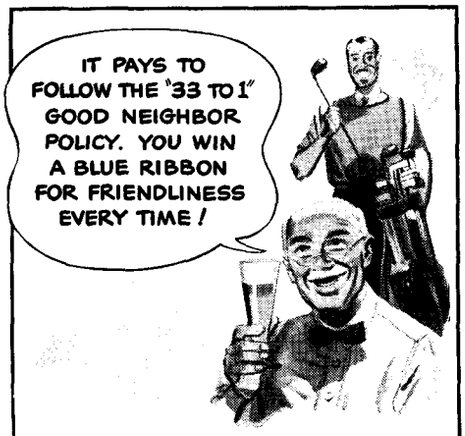
The Browns Discover the "33 to 1" GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY...

MOVING'S A NIGHTMARE! I'M SO TIRED I'D TRADE EVERYTHING FOR A GLASS OF BEER!
EASY THERE, NEIGHBOR! WE WERE JUST HOPING YOU'D JOIN US IN A SANDWICH AND A GLASS OF "33 TO 1"!

THIS IS MIGHTY FRIENDLY OF YOU, JONES! BUT WHAT'S THE "33 TO 1" ABOUT?
IT'S PABST BLUE RIBBON .. 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER! YOU'VE GOT A TREAT COMING!


SAY! THIS IS THE ONLY GOOD THING THAT'S HAPPENED ALL DAY! SMOOTHEST BEER I EVER TASTED!
THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S BLENDED LIKE FINE COFFEE AND CHAMPAGNE! I HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY IT WITH US OFTEN!

THAT NIGHT
DID YOU EVER KNOW SUCH FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS? SHE ASKED ME TO MEET HER FRIENDS AT LUNCHEON!
THAT JONES IS A GRAND FELLOW. HE CERTAINLY DESERVES A BLUE RIBBON FOR HIS HOSPITALITY!



33 Fine Brews Blended to Make ONE Great Beer!

...IT'S SMOOTHER... IT'S TASTIER

...IT NEVER VARIES

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Blended 33 to 1

with a Blue Ribbon on it

When you serve Pabst Blue Ribbon, your guests enjoy something found in no other beer: a blend of *33* fine brews to make *one* single glass! Like the finest champagne, or your favorite coffee, it's *expertly blended* to make it SMOOTHER...TASTIER...ALWAYS THE SAME! Today—give your neighbor a Blue Ribbon treat. Let him discover how delicious a beer can be when it's blended "33 to 1"!

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

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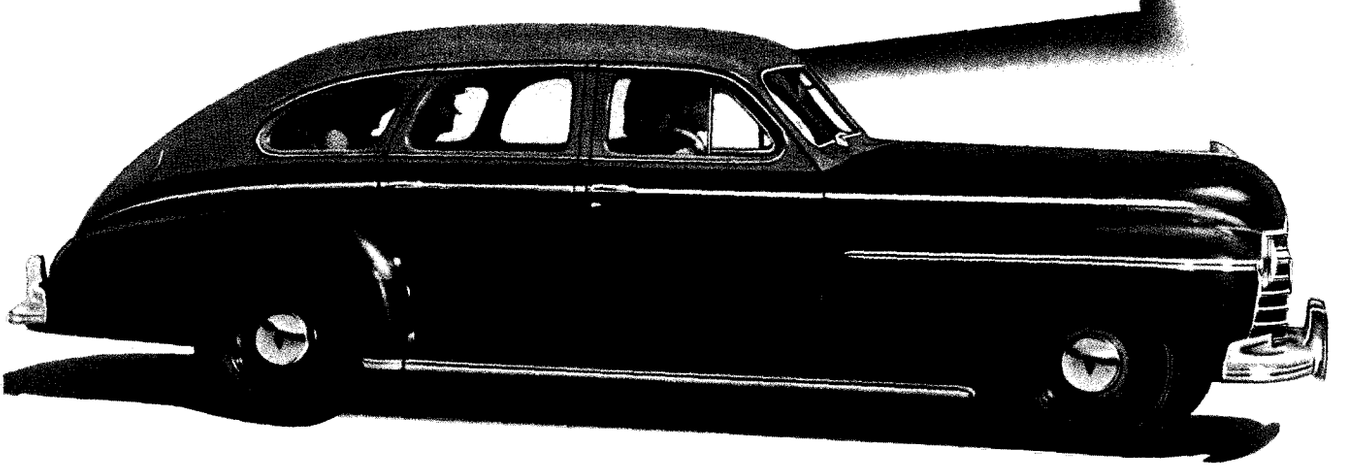
The Greenbrier
White Sulphur Springs
West Virginia

Say, Doc,
Here's a swell prescription for that tired feeling—better than the one you gave me. Buy yourself an Oldsmobile with Hydra-Matic Drive. When there's no clutch to press and no gears to shift, you save plenty of energy. And the extra safety you get through better traction—plus your ability to keep both hands always on the wheel—relieves you of a lot of strain. I mean it, Doc! An Olds Hydra-Matic is the easiest-handling car you ever drove—and, I'll bet, the finest performer!

Regards,
Art



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American-isms in COLOR
for your fingertips, lips and cheeks!

Three colors, unmistakably American as ice-cubes and cowboys, skyscrapers and O.K.! Sweet harmony in your make-up in Revlon's wonderful subtle tones to wear with the American fashions you swear by. Wear Rosy Future, American beauty red, with navy; Cherry Coke, burnished red, with beige; Hot Dog, luscious bronzed rose, with tweeds and stripes. Need we add that Revlon itself is a favorite American-ISM?

Cherry Coke and Rosy Future in Nail Enamel (60c), Lipstick (1.00 and new 60c size), and Cheek Stick (1.00). Hot Dog in Nail Enamel only.

P. S. *And, of course, long-wearing Revlon Nail Enamel banishes self-conscious "Fingertip-Fidgets."*

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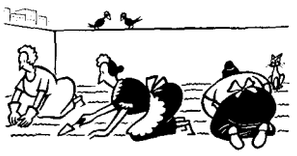
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

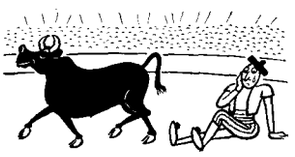
THE man from Bobbink & Atkins came the other day to look at our back yard and see what could be done to make it rejoice and blossom like the rose. He is the annual harbinger at our house, this first bobbink. After him will come the bulbs and the seeds and the fertilizer, and after them the women of the family on their knees in the brief



sunlight, planting and dreaming. We go through this every year, and every year we meet the same sad, old defeat. The good earth is spread very thin on Manhattan, a film on the granite, and although the grass and flowers spring up overnight, they quickly wither away because they haven't any roots. And the fowls of the air also devour some up, and the ginger cat in her modesty covers some with earth and they die. It is all very Biblical, closely following the Gospel according to St. Matthew, XIII, 3-8. The seed we sow in New York is doomed and we know it, but each new spring we plant and pray again. Bobbink, bobbink, spink, spank, spink.

"ON Jan. 4th. 1939 after two centuries of discreet service, we reluctantly published our first advertisement," read a little notice in a recent number of *Punch*. It was inserted by Allen Solly & Co., Ltd., who have been making men's underwear since 1740 but up to now haven't mentioned it publicly. We ran across another brief notice in the same issue: "A. J. Izod, Ltd., Hosiers and Shirtmakers, announce their removal to 6 Hanover Square, W.1., their premises in Conduit Street having been victims of enemy action." We offer both these items to any author who may be planning to write a capsule history of the Empire.

IT was natural for us, reading an interview with Canada Lee, once a fighter and now leading man in "Native Son," to think of Ernest Hemingway all the way through. "I love fighting," said Mr. Lee. "It's all rhythm and psychology and it's a pretty thing, like a beautiful girl. . . . I wanted to be a perfect technician, and I approached fighting from an aesthetic angle." It was natural for us to go on thinking about Hemingway afterward, too. What we found ourself thinking, for one thing, was that maybe the trouble with the fighting and writing games was that too many fighters were approaching fighting from an aesthetic angle and too many writers were approaching writing with their dukes up and not a great deal on their minds, and we couldn't help wondering if maybe Hemingway didn't have something to do with it. We thought quite a bit about the embarrassment suffered in Mexico City by the matador El Magnifico, and it struck us that he might have been thinking too much about the essential tragedy of him



and the bull, and not enough about the bull. It may well be that the secret of Joe Louis's success is simply that he has not read Hemingway and, like El Magnifico's bulls, doesn't give a damn how he looks in there.

ANOTHER writer who's been on our mind is Cecil Roberts, a British novelist. Mr. Roberts revealed to the New York *Times* that all his books started with titles—first he thinks up a title, and then he writes a novel about it. He generally works on the title for about a year, he says, and then throws off the rest of the novel in five or six weeks. The inscription on a dog's tombstone, according to Mr. Roberts, gave him the title for his forthcoming book, "One Small Candle." The inscription was "There is not enough darkness in all the world to put out the light of one small candle." We are happy to be able to quadruple Mr. Roberts' output this year, with a casual twist of the wrist. First, a panoramic thing of epic proportions, called "All the World." Next, something savage, turbulent, heavy with evil, entitled "Not Enough Darkness." Then, for the holidays, a sly little piece of weekend fluff of the sort usually called "mischievous, indiscreet." That would be "Put Out the Light."

STREAMLINING everything, the New York Central has laid off the last cowboy in New York—a man hired to carry a red flag on horseback in front of freight trains on Tenth Avenue. We can see that this represents progress, but spiritually it is going to take something out of us. As an institution, he was as anachronistic as Buffalo Bill or, for that matter, Ward McAllister, but as a symbol, we don't know what we are going to do without him. It used to be nice, while we were swilling the drink and leering at women in some gilded dive, to know that over to the west a few blocks there was a man riding the range and looking at the clean stars, with his mind fastened on God and railroad presidents. It was very comforting, while the world went into its tailspin, to know there was a man over on Tenth Avenue keeping everything down to six miles an hour.

READING of Virginia Hays, a cowgirl who was kicked in the stomach by a horse a few years ago, turned to music, and wound up singing in the Rainbow Room, we fell to wondering about the welfare these days of a lady enter-

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"I may seem old-fashioned, but do you have one with 'Welcome'?"

• •

tainer we knew in Cleveland once, who had also been kicked in the stomach by a horse. She had been a fan-dancer at the time we knew her, but the kick in the stomach put an end to that, because she had a horseshoe-shaped scar it would have been impossible to conceal, working as she did in the intimacy of small night clubs. Everything turned out for the best, though. A local entrepreneur of ingenuity used her regularly as a novelty attraction in an act called "Tableaux of All Nations"—put a veil across the lower half of her face, called her Miss Turkey, and threw a spot on what was the neatest star and crescent you ever saw.

Boston's Met

THE Metropolitan Opera has just been through the broadening experience of performing in a Boston movie cathedral not unlike our own Paramount or Roxy. We had an informant present, a Whig spy who later was smuggled out of New England aboard a fishing craft. He tells us that this piquant situation came about from the fact that the Shuberts, who own the old Boston Opera House, couldn't reach any agreement with the sponsors of the opera on certain business details. Anyway, the Opera House is for sale, a huge sign on its façade suggesting that it would be a good site for "a supermarket, sports arena, combined garage and automobile showroom, or storage warehouse," and the opera people probably decided they might as well look for a new place now as later. The movie palace in which the Boston date was played is, by a happy coincidence, called the Metropolitan and is said to be an exact reproduction of the Opéra-Comique. So you see.

The opera followed Eddie Robinson in "The Sea Wolf," our man said, and did O.K. The theatre management displayed a nice sense of the fitness of things by hiding the weighing machines that stood on the mezzanine promenade and taking away the velvet ropes and brass posts used for herding the patient victims of the short-wait-for-all-seats. Candy was sold only in the balconies, and there was champagne to be had in the Platinum Lounge, downstairs. Since the Metropolitan had never before had to face the problem of recalling an audience after an intermission, there was no warning bell. Finally the head usher borrowed a big gong used in "Madama Butterfly," and after that the audiences got back in good time—except, of course, at performances of "Madama Butterfly." There was some speculation about whether the orchestra would come up out of the pit on the elevator, like our Music Hall orchestra, but it didn't. No sense of adventure.

Till It Hurts

BRINGING the war home to the disinterested sex, we would report that delivery of girdles, foundation garments, etc., may in future be hampered by priority orders from the Army. Pilots of dive bombers, it seems, must be well corseted to prevent injury when pulling out of a power dive. Also in this connection, a young mother reports to us that the demands of national defence have prevented her from replenishing her small daughter's supply of middy-blouse uniforms for school. The Army has ordered all the available supply of material.

Bad Medicine

OUR Health Department emerged creditably from the recent scare about the contaminated sulfathiazole tablets. By way of recapitulation, let us remind you that sulfathiazole is a recently developed sulfanilamide derivative useful in fighting staphylococcus bacteria, which give you infections of the sinuses, mastoid, and middle ear; that the Winthrop Chemical Company, last December, made up and sold a batch of close to half a million sulfathiazole tablets which were, it was discovered somewhat later, contaminated with phenobarbital, a hypnotic, or sleep-inducing, drug; and that the error didn't come to the attention of the state and federal health authorities until a couple of weeks ago, when two people in the Middle West died, apparently as a result of taking the impure tablets.

Well, on Saturday, March 29th, this city's acting Commissioner of Health, Dr. William H. Best, was riding to work on a bus, reading a *News*. His eye was caught by a headline which said "TAINTED TABLETS SOUGHT AS 2 DIE." After reading the dispatch, which had been sent from Chicago and related the facts substantially as we have given them, Dr. Best got off the bus and took a cab to the offices of the Federal Food and Drugs Administration. He found that the federal people had been officially informed of the matter only a few days before. All they could tell him was that the phenobarbital-and-sulfathiazole tablets were in bottles marked "MP 029." ("MP" is code for "manufactured in December" at the Winthrop plant.)

Without even waiting to inquire why such alarming information had reached

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him through such devious channels as the columns of the *News*, Dr. Best called the Police Department and dictated a message to be put on the teletype: all patrolmen were to be instructed to visit the drugstores on their beats as soon as possible and issue a warning about MP 029. Next he tipped off the city hospitals. Then he sat down and dashed off a form letter to be sent to the druggists, explaining the situation at length and instructing them not to use Winthrop MP sulfathiazole from any open bottles on hand and to check their prescriptions back as far as December 1st. If they had sold any of the stuff on prescription, they were to notify the doctor who had prescribed it. The next problem was to get this letter to the four thousand-odd druggists in the metropolitan area. It turned out that *Drug Topics*, a trade publication, had the best mailing list. The *Drug Topics* clerical staff gave up its Saturday holiday and spent the afternoon feeding Health Department envelopes into the Addressograph. The letters, meanwhile, were being mimeographed in the Health Department offices. Before six o'clock they were all in the mails.

Nothing happened over the weekend, except that Walter Winchell got the intelligence neatly reversed and shouted at his eighty-five million listeners, "The newspaper stories yesterday were a warning to all users of medicine tablets. Be careful if you use them to induce sleep. They may be the 410,000 tablets that are contaminated." Monday morning, the federal men informed Dr. Best that they were now also suspicious of lots MP 118 and MP 169. Without waiting for the final score, Dr. Best then ordered the Health Department's hundred and twenty inspectors to start forthwith on a tour of all drugstores in the city and confiscate all bottles of Winthrop sulfathiazole marked "MP," regardless of number; all other Winthrop sulfathiazole was to be sealed and sent back to the factory. By the end of last week, the search had been completed, only eleven bottles of MP had turned up, and none of these were MP 029, the one lot definitely known to be tainted. Dr. Best thinks that we may have been lucky and nobody around here got hold of any bad sulfathiazole. We think, luck or no luck, we have an efficient Department of Health.

Careful

Alfred W. Paine, who runs a bookshop devoted to works about sailors and the sea, received a letter recently from the research department of a certain motion-picture company inquiring about the availability of books which might be used for reference work. The letter went on to explain, "We are planning a motion-picture version of Dana's 'Four Years Before the Mast' and want to make it as accurate as possible." Mr. Paine replied promptly, referring to Dana's book as "Two Years Before the Mast," but just letting it go at that.

Collins

Pat Collins, a brawny, broken-nosed County Mayo Irishman of thirty-seven, is, as you read these lines, in the position of an artist in the throes of his first exhibition. Sixteen of his canvases are on view at the O'Toole Gallery, 24 East Sixty-fourth Street. We would judge that Mr. Collins' natural nervousness has not been allayed by the fact that two of the local newspapers, the *Mirror* and the *Journal* &

"Room service, please."

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American, sent sportswriters to cover the exhibition. This is because Collins, in the course of a varied career, has boxed as a heavyweight and was at one time, in some people's opinion, heavyweight champion of the British Isles. Dan Parker, the *Mirror's* sports editor, said, "His work is eye-arresting with its vivid colors and themes." Lewis Burton, art critic on the sports staff of the *Journal & American*, with simple reticence remarked, "Collins tries to explore the psyche of the city."

Collins is usually to be found at his studio, a fourth-floor walkup on West Forty-sixth Street, and there we found him. He was wearing a summer-weight suit, checked shirt, and black bow tie, and the toe top of his left shoe had been cut away. This, he explained, was to favor a foot injury he had sustained in rather a peculiar way. "I came home one night and found I'd left my keys inside, so I broke in the door," he told us. "As I was fixing it back on its hinges, there was considerable commotion downstairs. It was three o'clock, when the dance-hall hostesses get out, and they were calling on some Chinese fellows who live beneath me. These fellows entertain the girls every night of their lives, but this night they made so much extra noise that I leaned over to look down the stair well and the door I was holding fell on my toe." Then, pausing only to remark that he had been evicted from numerous apartments, from the Battery to the Bronx, but that his present landlord was a charming fellow who never bothered him, Collins led us to the O'Toole Gallery, telling us on the way the salient facts of his life.

He left Ireland at eighteen, because of the Trouble, and took refuge, rather surprisingly, in England, where he grew to like the natives. "Just as confused as everybody else," he says tolerantly. He was a fisherman, a miner, and, as we said, a prizefighter. In 1924 he came to America, and has since then supported himself by a variety of jobs—subway guard, sparring partner, carpenter, taxi-driver, hod-carrier, motorman, Holmes patrolman, sand hog, and steeplejack. In the last-named capacity he fell ten stories without sustaining any serious injury. "I was often fired for inefficiency," he told us, referring perhaps to this contretemps, among other things. Ten years ago he took up the study of art, having discovered, he explains, that an artist needs no education. He studied at the Educational Alliance and the National Academy of Design, between intervals on the stage and in the movies, playing prizefighter bits. The last such chore he did was in an "Information, Please" short. He demonstrated the stances of several well-known pugilistic stylists, and the experts were supposed to guess who it was. From now on, though, he's going to devote himself to art.

His art, incidentally, was once described by a psychiatrist as a remarkably subtle depiction of the Oedipus complex —"dreams on canvas," the doctor called it. Eleven of the pictures in the present exhibition are conventional portraits or still lifes, but the other five are dreams on canvas, all right. A couple of them are realistic rooftop scenes, with giants, ogres, blackamoors, and other odd things lurking among the chimney pots. Frankly, we shouldn't care to send *our* sports editor to the O'Toole Gallery.

Distinction

WE know a mother who did her gallant best during her son's Easter vacation to find out how he was weathering his first year at boarding school. (She had got nowhere during the Christmas vacation.) Finally, in a hasty little tête-à-tête crowded in between a matinée of "Arsenic and Old Lace" and the Ice Carnival, she got him started on the subject of his school friends. Was his roommate a nice boy? Yes, her son said, he was nice. Well, what was he like? "He plays football and hockey like a streak," the lad said, glowing with comradely pride, "and he has an I.Q. thirty points higher than a fox's."

Still There

SEIZURE of the Danish, Italian, and German vessels reminded us to check on the Normandie. She's still at her berth at Pier 88, North River, and there seems to be no change whatever in her status. She's a paying guest. The French Line, under a lease signed in 1938 and running until 1948, has Pier 88 at an annual rental of $197,718, payable quarterly. Whenever the rent is due, the Docks Department sends the New York offices of the French Line a note or reminder and a check for $49,429.50 arrives by return mail. This comes out of several million dollars in French Line funds frozen here after the fall of France.

A luxury passenger liner is nothing to own in non-producing times. We are told that the cost of local French Line operations, principally looking after the Normandie and its skeleton crew of seventy-five men, is about $600,000 a year, and there would seem to be no way out of the expense the liner incurs. Certainly there's no way out of the dock rental. Assuming the Docks Department would be willing to cancel the French Line's lease, or that the French Line could re-lease the pier, there would be no place for the Normandie to go, except to another and equally expensive pier. You might think she could be anchored upstream above the George Washington Bridge, but that won't work. The channel there is forty-five feet deep, which is enough for the Normandie, and she could get under the bridge with a few feet to spare, but the anchorages aren't deep enough. The only place in the harbor that fills the bill is the Quarantine anchorage off Staten Island, but anchoring the Normandie there would be like parking a ten-ton truck in Times Square, and it would be just about as hard to get permission.

Evening of an Attorney

A LAWYER who specializes in patents has let us read a letter he got from a fellow-barrister bringing to his attention a formula concocted by one of his clients. This he describes as "a solution which is used for the purpose of blowing soap bubbles," and then adds a personal endorsement: "I might say to you that my client presented me with a bottle of this solution and I spent a very interesting evening blowing large bubbles that would maintain their form and rigidity as long as thirty minutes after being dropped upon the rug."

Down to the Bricks

WE herewith submit a preview of men's Easter fashions from the world's least inhibited fashion centre, Harlem. Trousers will be deeply pleated, with a waistband just under the armpits, thirty-inch knees, and fifteen-inch cuffs. A popular suit jacket is one that measures thirty-six inches down the back seam and has a fly front, shoulders padded out three and a half inches on each side, two breast pockets, and slashed side pockets. This may be worn with a white doeskin waistcoat. Shoes are pointed, the most popular leathers being light-tan

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calfskin or colored suède. Hats may be worn in the pork-pie shape or with crowns six inches high. Colors, as always, are limited only by the spectrum.

Harlem differs in one important respect from the other style centres: the fashions are created by the customers. These are young colored boys, known along Lenox Avenue as "sharpies," who devote most of their time and income to a life as sartorially intense as Lucius Beebe's. A clothing man in Harlem told us there are at least ten thousand sharpies up there. As to where they get their money, he added, the least said the better. This man and other Harlem haberdashers have worked out an arrangement with several of the big clothing chains whereby they get semi-custom tailoring, of a haphazard and inexpensive sort. That is, a colored boy can, by paying a small deposit, order a suit with exact specifications as to material, length, drape, placing of pockets, and whatever else he can think of. It is made up, strictly without fittings, for prices averaging twenty-five dollars. Harlem innovations have been known to catch on in the outside world. The most conspicuous success in recent years was the finger-tip topcoat. A temporarily impoverished sharpie, unable to buy a new topcoat, instructed his tailor to cut his old one off above the knees and stitch it round and round. Six months later the coat was the rage of the Yale campus.

Sharpies do not confine their attention to suits and coats alone. A self-respecting sharpie must feel that he is "dressed down to the bricks;" i.e., that his hat, shoes, socks, underwear, linen, and even his suspenders are all "sharp stuff." Such an outfit need cost no more than forty or fifty dollars, since durability is of no importance; it's not uncommon for a sharpie to buy a dozen outfits a year. The tradesmen who cater to sharpies pride themselves on filling every order and being surprised at nothing. The sharpie who ordered a pair of light-tan calfskin shoes with new dimes set in the toes got them. He had to pay fifteen dollars (plus the dimes), but he got them.

"If you're so hell-bent on buying something that belongs to Mr. Hearst, you can get a Journal-American for three cents."

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Precisian

A LADY came home the other night, after an evening at the theatre, and found that in her absence someone had broken in and stolen her silverware. Trying to keep a firm grip on herself, she called the police and said, after identifying herself, "I've been robbed. Somebody broke into my house and—" "That ain't robbery, lady," the desk sergeant said wearily. "That's burglary."

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"Everett has high hopes of getting a desk job."

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A WINTER IN THE COUNTRY

OLD Mr. Shelton had been sick for some time before the Harrises heard of it, and at first it seemed there was little they could do to help him. That year the Harrises had decided to spend the winter in the country, and it had turned out to be an even pleasanter experience than they had anticipated. There had been a gradual draining away of people from the summer residences scattered through the valley, a slackening of traffic along the valley roads; trade fell off at the I.G.A. store in the village, where the Harrises did their marketing. By November, the town garage took to closing early; except on Saturdays and Sundays, it was shut by six o'clock and Gus Biddle, its proprietor, spent his evenings at home.

As the frosts struck in and the earth grew hard, everything seemed to settle down; even the Harrises found themselves travelling about less than formerly. To be sure, the snow never quite reached the paralyzing depths they had expected, but from December on there was usually enough of it to make the going difficult, particularly on the rutted dirt road where the Harrises' place lay. Then, too, there was little reason for driving out anyway. Expecting blizzards, the Harrises had made elaborate preparations for them, laying in turnips and potatoes, apples and cider by the barrelful, hams and bacon and cauliflower, and though the great storms failed to materialize, they took a peculiar pleasure out of dining off their own stocked larder, listening contentedly to the wind in the bare maple outside and enjoying their solitude. There were days on end when the only car to come past was the mailman's; the mutter of his old Buick as it came shoving down the road, the sharp slap of the mailbox door, and the sudden roar of his motor, the clack of chains as he got under way again came to be an important event in the chronology of their days.

It was the mailman, Bert Giddings, who told Mr. Harris about the old man's illness. There had been a fall of snow the night before, and Mr. Harris was out shovelling a path to the garage when Bert's car came by. Mr. Harris went out to meet it. "How's the road?" he said. "I've got to go down to the city tomorrow."

"You'll need chains," Bert said. "'Tain't the snow. But there's spots where there's ice beneath, and when you hit them you lose traction." He was a stout, red-faced man with gray hair and a gray mustache. He handed over the Harrises' *Times* and their packet of letters and put the car in gear. But he didn't let up the clutch immediately. He sat there for a moment, staring out through the windshield at the road ahead. Then he jerked his head back in the direction he had come. "Old man Shelton's in a pretty bad way, I guess," he said.

Mr. Harris expressed his surprise. "Is he?" he said. "I didn't know that." The Sheltons were an elderly couple who lived in a rather ramshackle old place farther up the road, and the Harrises had encountered him three or four times in the course of the summer. Tall and thin and white-haired, he had the quick, forward-stepping, free stride of an Indian; though he had never spoken to them or they to him, they had got into the habit of nodding to each other as they passed. "What's the matter with him?" Mr. Harris asked.

"Can't say. He's just getting old, I guess. And when they're old, it's the winter that gets them." Bert glanced at Mr. Harris. "Doctor's been up two or three times this week, they tell me. He comes in this way."

"I guess I just didn't see him," Mr. Harris said. He felt a little embarrassed. He knew that a true countryman would have noticed the passing of any strange car and would probably have found some way of identifying it, too. Bert was staring out through the windshield again. "Yes, he's pretty bad, I guess," he said again. "And with his wife just about as old as he is . . ." He didn't say anything more, but Mr. Harris felt a slight shock run through him. Partly it was caused by a sudden picture of the little house far up the valley and a realization of how helpless an old man and woman would be there, alone, in the winter; partly it was because he had only just now understood what it was that Bert was driving at. "Well, I'm sorry to hear that," he said, somewhat fumblingly. "I didn't know. I'll have to go up to see him. See what we can do."

"It'll be appreciated," Bert said. He was letting in the clutch as he spoke and his face had reddened a little. "The folks in town'll do what they can. But it's kind of a long ways up from the village. . . . If you could just look in there once in a while." The car was moving away now. Mr. Harris watched it go, the rear chains flicking up little clods of packed snow against its broad black back as it swayed away down the white road and around the bend.

That afternoon he went up to see the Sheltons. He walked, because he wasn't sure he'd find room to turn his car at their place, and though it wasn't yet four o'clock when he got there, the sun had already set behind the ridge at the west of the valley; the house, with its sagging porch and its walls almost bare of paint, looked chill and desolate in the deepening shadows. He found the old couple in the kitchen, and Mr. Shelton, who was sitting by the stove with his legs wrapped in an old brown blanket, recognized him at once.

"You're the young man that took the Mitchell place, ain't ye?" he said. Illness had thinned his face somewhat and he needed a haircut, and the combination of the long, bony, wasted face and the flare of white hair above it gave him a kind of demoniac look. He looked like a witch, or a magician. His blue eyes glittered and his big-knuckled hands gripped the chair arms tensely, as if he were ready to pounce. Mr. Harris, who had long passed the age when he expected to be called a young man any more, felt a little confused. The old man gave him no time to think. "What ye figure to do with it? Farm it?" he demanded. He had a high, almost angry-sounding voice. In all the time Mr. Harris had spent in the country, Mr. Shelton was the first man he'd encountered who had what people usually referred to as a Yankee twang. But he didn't drawl in the way that Yankees were supposed to do. He spoke rapidly.

"I—well," Mr. Harris said. He had brought a bottle of sherry along with him and he put it down on a table near his chair. "I thought you might enjoy a little of this now and then," he said. The old man glanced at the bottle and nodded, then his eyes came back to Mr. Harris. Mrs. Shelton, a short, plump woman, was peeling some potatoes at the sink. "I guess Mr. Harris wouldn't have much time for farming," she said. "His business is in the city, I take it."

"Yes, that's it," said Mr. Harris. "Or partly it. I do have to go down to the city fairly often. And then, too, I just don't know anything about farming, either." Then a sudden gush of frankness came over him. "But I feel sort of foolish about it, you know. Having all that land and letting it go wild. Seems

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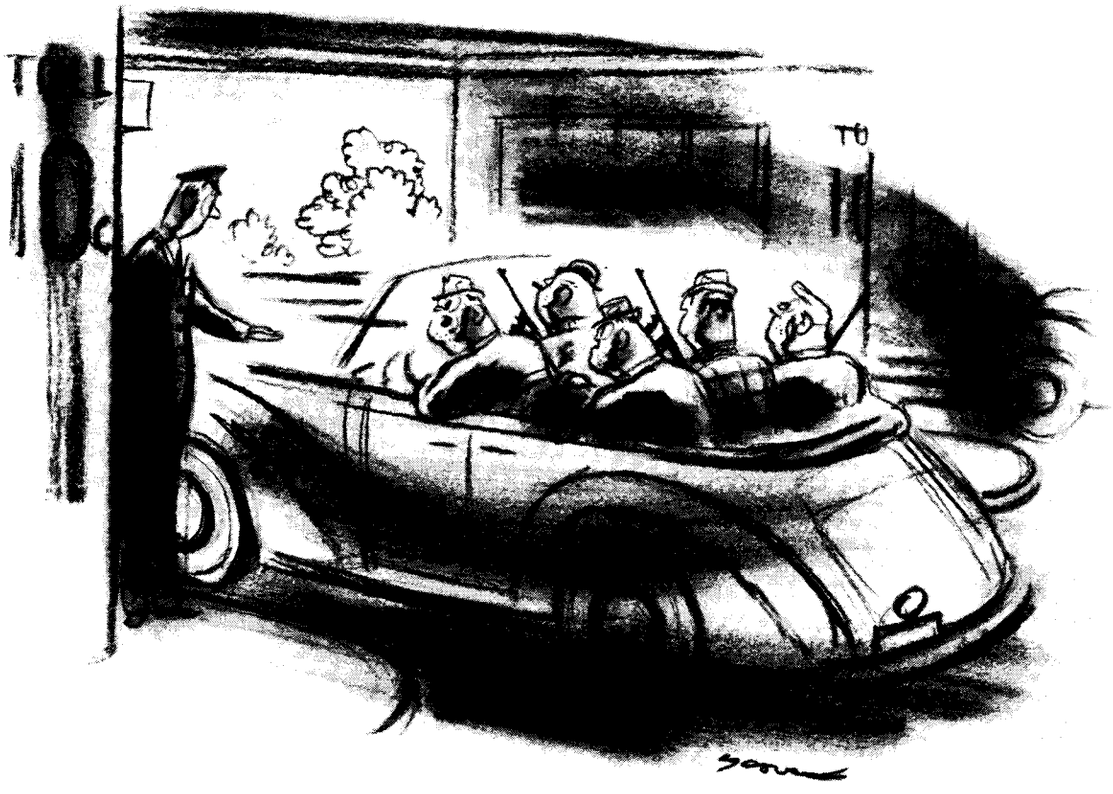

"It's all right, Officer—we're law violators."

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that something ought to be done with it."

The old man nodded. "Ninety, ninety-five acres. Good land, too." He put no particular inflection on the words. But Mr. Harris, who really had developed a sense of guilt over his untended fields, could feel himself flushing. The old man didn't seem to notice. He gave a short, dry laugh. "I ought to know, times I've helped work it. That was in old man Mitchell's day. Not the Mitchell you bought from—he's a footless fellow, we're well rid of him—it's his father I'm thinking of. Bald Mitchell, everybody used to call him. I'd help him with his ploughing and planting, times he needed it, and he'd help with mine. Tobacco was the main crop in them days, and they's one field you got, to the north of the house there, where it runs down to the brook—it was a poor year when he didn't get close to two thousand pounds an acre out of that plot." He pushed himself back in his chair and closed his eyes; it occurred to Mr. Harris that perhaps he was getting tired. "Well, they's many ways of life, and farming is only one of them. Maybe it's just as well you ain't mixed up in it. Can't say as I ever got much out of it, 'cept hard work. Margaret," he said abruptly, "can't ye dig up a corkscrew or something? Seems we might give the visitor a taste of his own wine."

And though Mr. Harris protested that the sherry had been meant for Mr. Shelton, the old man insisted that he have a glass of it before he left.

THAT was the first of a good many visits the Harrises paid the old man, either singly or together, in the course of the winter. No one seemed to know what was really the matter with him, and when Mr. Harris inquired of the doctor he got little concrete information. The doctor was a fierce-faced old fellow with a bold gray eye and a beard cut vaguely in the "professional" manner of a quarter-century ago, and he wasn't the man the Harrises used when they needed medical attention; there was a younger man in a neighboring village whom they favored, and some slight resentment on this score may have stiffened the doctor's attitude. At any rate, he eyed Mr. Harris somewhat challengingly. "Matter?" he cried. "He's old. That's the main thing that's troubling him." He had a resonant voice of considerable carrying power, and since they had met on the pathway in front of the Sheltons' house, Mr. Harris couldn't help glancing up to see if anyone was listening. "He knows," the doctor went on, no less loudly. "He knows, or I wouldn't be talking to you like this. He caught a cold back there in November and he ain't come back from it like he ought to. And his kidneys—but they've always been a trouble to him. He's old, that's the main thing the matter with him. Wait twenty years, young man, and you'll find out yourself what it's like to get through a winter." And with that he stamped away through the snow to his car.

This scant information was of little comfort to the Harrises, and to Mrs. Harris it was particularly distressing. The old man's cold, in her mind, was instantly translated into pneumonia, and when Mr. Harris demurred at so summary an interpretation of the doctor's remarks, she exploded. "Well, if he hasn't got it now, he will have it, with the drafts and the cold in that old house. And with no one but that poor old woman to take care of him. No, Fred," she said, "we've just got to get him out of there. We've got to get him to a hospital.

"And if we wait too long," she went on, "it'll be too late to move him. He'll get weaker and weaker. He'll just die there. Why, last time I was up there my feet were just freezing, with the drafts coming in through the windows or through the floors, or wherever. You ask him"—she meant, Mr. Harris understood, the doctor—"what's his name? Kent? Well, next time you see him, you ask him. Ask him if we can't get the old man out to a hospital, somewhere where he'll get decent care."

In a sense, Mr. Harris agreed with her, and a few days later he managed to waylay the doctor on the road. He felt the embarrassment natural to a man who brings up a subject that has already earned him a rebuff, and though the doctor had lowered the car window obligingly to talk with him, he kept tapping the accelerator occasionally, so that the motor alternately raced and subsided

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in a way that added to Mr. Harris's discomfiture. Perhaps it was only a nervous habit the doctor had developed, but the recurrent roar of the motor and the clouds of dense, steamy vapor the exhaust sent up in the icy air gave a curious quality of almost fatal urgency to the interview. The doctor, immune in his cushioned interior, Mr. Harris, arguing futilely outside—it was then, Mr. Harris later realized, that he first understood that the old man might really die.

The doctor, however, listened carefully. Once he interrupted. That was when Mr. Harris mentioned the hospital, and at the word he glanced up quickly. "Try to get him there," he said. "No, young man," and then, as he saw that he was interrupting, he bent his head soberly to listen again. "I just wanted to say," Mr. Harris concluded, "well, I wanted to say what expenses there were—we'd be willing to pay the expenses."

The doctor waited a moment, as if to make sure that Mr. Harris had nothing further to say. "Well, young man, I know how you feel," he said. He tapped the accelerator, then he looked up at Mr. Harris. "I guess I was kind of hasty the other day. Sam Shelton and I have known each other since—well, since long before I took up doctoring, and ever since then it's been me he turned to when he needed attention. I'd been trying to talk some sense into him—at the least enough so he'd stay abed when I told him to. And I wasn't sure I'd succeeded. I guess when I met you I just boiled over. Now, for what you were saying. The hospital."

But despite the doctor's attempt to maintain a judicial attitude, it had been clear from the start that he was against the Harrises' proposal, and what he said later only confirmed it. To move the old man at that time would be dangerous; even in an ambulance he would be too weak for the journey. Moreover, the shock would be something to consider, both moral and physical; country people, the doctor said, didn't feel the same way about hospitals that city folk did. "Take your city man and you tell him he's got to go to the hospital and he'll think nothing of it. But tell that to Sam Shelton there and he'll think it just about means you've given up all hope for him. It's like telling him to get ready to die." It was clear too that the doctor wasn't used to being interrupted, and when Mr. Harris broke in once or twice, his temper grew visibly shorter. In the end something dangerously close to a personal note intervened. "But wouldn't he be warmer, more comfortable?" Mr. Harris was saying, still arguing for hospitalization. "That house—"

"That house!" the doctor retorted. All along, Mr. Harris had sensed an undercurrent of impatience in the doctor's manner, as if he considered the whole thing a piece of citified meddling on the Harrises' part and something he shouldn't be called on to waste time with at all. Now that feeling broke partly from concealment. "That's the house he was born in. He's lived there all his life and I guess if he has his way, he'll die there. It may not be as warm or as tight as some that've been taken over and remodelled out of all semblance. But it's his house. Take that into consideration." The doctor by this time was sitting hard back in his seat, his hands clutching the wheel like a man who holds the reins on a spirited horse, and the motor was roaring. "You can't buy him well!" he cried. "If you could, there's plenty around here that'd be willing to foot the bill. Get that in your mind, young man, and you may be more help to him."

He drove off, leaving Mr. Harris baffled and resentful, and the fact that a short time later the doctor hailed him on the road in an obvious attempt to make amends didn't help matters any. Though the doctor apologized—"I blew up there the other day. I guess I been worried more than I'd like to confess about Sam"—he did so in what was to Mr. Harris an offensively breezy and confident manner, as if his short temper were something quite beyond his own controlling, a kind of infirmity which he had only to mention to win complete forgiveness.

BUT what is it that makes an old man die in the winter? As soon as she could, Mrs. Harris dragged her husband off to consult her own doctor, a young man named Pendleton, about the old

"Oh, I can't complain."

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man's predicament. It was not an entirely satisfactory interview; Dr. Pendleton had a determined urbanity of manner that was, in its way, almost as disagreeable to Mr. Harris as Dr. Kent's tartness had been, and what light he cast on their problem was discouraging rather than helpful. Somewhat to their surprise—Mrs. Harris, in particular, had been convinced that all this was pure country tradition and therefore nonsense—he too mentioned the winter as a factor to be reckoned with. "Watch your churchyard," he said. "Notice how many more burials there'll be in the next month or two than there were in the summer. It's the dying season, all right." The reasons, he said, were simple. Old age, in a way, was itself a kind of disease, and for age there is no cure, only palliatives: warmth, sunlight, rest, comfort. "It's precisely these things, of course, that winter takes away from the patient."

Pendleton refused to accept this, however, as an argument for hospitalization. Instead, he seized the chance to pay tribute to Dr. Kent. "Kent may seem old-fashioned," he said. "But he's a good man just the same. And in this case he knows his patient; if he says the old codger should stay put, he probably has his reasons." Pendleton was a plump, brisk man of a little over thirty, and he was clearly trying to be helpful; Mr. Harris would have been hard put to it to explain why he felt himself stiffening when he heard old Mr. Shelton referred to as a codger. "His name's Shelton," he said. "Samuel Shelton."

The doctor glanced at him. "Oh, Shelton," he said agreeably. "No. I don't know him. And as I say, with Kent there, it'd be foolish for me to attempt a diagnosis. But just to give you an idea of the general picture—" He glanced at Mr. Harris again, drew a scratch-pad nearer, and scrawled a few lines upon it. "Look," he said. "Here's the heart."

It was the heart, Mr. Harris gathered, that was at the base of most of the troubles of old age—the heart that begins its functioning even before birth and stops only with death, and that meantime must meet and compensate for all the strains the body puts on it, if the body itself is to survive. "And believe me, as time goes on it has plenty to compensate for. Your liver gets a little sluggish, or your kidneys—well, that way you're heading for Bright's disease and uremia, and if you get that far, there's small hope for you. But meanwhile it's the heart that takes up the slack. Or your lungs get congested, and there's your dyspnea, or shortness of breath." With a kind of aseptic cheerfulness that Mr. Harris found somehow chilling, the doctor panted a little, illustrating the symptoms. "And why? It's because the old heart just isn't pumping the blood in and out of the lungs fast enough. But it makes a fine fallow field for pneumonia, if conditions are right. And meantime you've got hypertension, or hardening of the arteries. Well, the time comes when the heart just gets tired of it all. It slows down, it decompensates, as we call it." Outside the consulting room a bell had sounded, indicating that the street door of the doctor's office had opened and a patient was entering the waiting room. The doctor slashed a swift line across the diagram he had been drawing.

"That's your crisis," he said. "And there's little enough anyone can do about it. It's the heart that decides the matter. If it takes up the job again, if it compensates—well, you go on living. If it stops, why, you stop too. I'm afraid I haven't been able to be much help to you," he went on as the Harrises stood up to go. "And I purposely haven't asked for the old man's symptoms. After all, it's Kent's case, and I know the man's in good hands. But you might just tell me: Is he pale? Lips blue? Breathing difficult? The feet and hands cold, maybe puffy a little?" Though Mr. Harris had an odd feeling, as if he were signing old Mr. Shelton's death warrant in doing so, he was forced to admit that the old man was definitely paler and his lips, if not blue, had certainly lost color.

The doctor nodded. "I'll wager it's the heart that Kent is watching, as much as anything else. But don't worry about it," he went on. They were out in the waiting room and he was already turning toward the next visitor, a heavy-featured woman in a long black coat. "The man's in good hands. If anyone can pull him through, our friend can. . . . Good day, Mrs. Bassett. I see you're still around and about. That's encouraging."

Mrs. Harris summed up the feelings of both herself and her husband when, after a period of silence, she remarked midway of the drive home, "I suppose it's all true, what he said. But I wish we hadn't gone."

Though at the time Mr. Harris agreed with her, in the end he was glad he had gone. He had learned what the old man's chief enemy was—the winter—and, as if to dramatize the struggle, as the winter deepened the old man's condition grew steadily graver. That first visit Mr. Harris had found Mr. Shelton in the kitchen, but in a short while the effort of sitting up became too much for him, and since he refused to spend his days in his bedroom upstairs—"Might's well put me in the grave and be done with it as shut me off all alone up there"—a place was found for him in a small room downstairs, off the kitchen.

The room was long and narrow, with only one window, and it had probably been designed for use as a storeroom or perhaps for what, in the days before refrigeration, was called a winter pantry. But with the door to the kitchen left open it was warm enough, and after an old sofa had been moved in—Mr. Harris at one end and Mrs. Shelton straining at the other—and a chair or two, and a table for the bedside, it served well enough as a sickroom. Its one fault was that it was dark. Since it lay at the rear of the house, it was cut off both from the morning sun and from the broad valley view the front rooms afforded, and its one small window was still further shadowed by the slope of the ridge rising steeply behind the house. And the sun sets early in the winter; there were times, coming in in the late afternoon and finding the old man lying, wrapped in his faded brown blanket, motionless and half dozing—there were times when, to Mr. Harris, he looked more like an animal that had crawled into its burrow to die than like anything else.

Perhaps because the room itself was so confining, the old man's thoughts ranged widely. "I been thinkin'," he'd say, directly Mr. Harris appeared, and what followed might be anything, from his opinion of something the doctor had told him the day before to a tale of a coon-hunting excursion he had made forty years before. "And when he reached for his gun the gun went off, and when he hopped back from that he knocked over the cider jug and broke *that*. We come home mighty thirsty from that night's outing. But we brought back four coon. Jed Folsom that was that wasted the cider, and he always was a clumsy feller. Lived down past the Furness place till he burned the house down, bumpin' into a lamp; you can

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still see the house foundations, 'longside the road. Or you could," he added, looking up at Mr. Harris uncertainly, for by now he was living in such a mixture of the past and the present that at times he became confused. "I ain't been out that end of the valley much lately. Likely it's all tumbled in by now, and overgrown."

As the winter wore on and the days grew darker, the old man's perceptions darkened too; for a while it was as if Mr. Harris, by his presence, only brought to the surface, and then only momentarily, the wild flood of reminiscence that was streaming continuously, incoherently, through the old man's mind. "Look, now!" he would say. "I told ye!" And from his eyes, staring hard and angrily, Mr. Harris would know as he entered the room that he had been cast in the part of some hired hand or farm companion long vanished and perhaps dead years ago. "Let them calves into the meadow and them jumpin'? Round 'em back to the barn, I tell ye! Ah, there's one down now. And still jumpin'." Then his gaze would clear a little. "Young man!" he would say, but still sternly, for though by now he had settled on Mr. Harris's identity, his emotions would still be aroused. "If ye're goin' to raise cattle . . . What ye plannin' to raise 'em for, market or milkin'? You got good enough land for either. But tobacco's your crop; put tobacco down there by the brook. . . . Well, young man," he would say, and by his firmness of tone Mr. Harris would know that this time the old man had fought his way back to the present again. The pale face, almost hatchet-thin now, would light up in a smile. "You know, I been thinkin' . . ."

The old man liked Mr. Harris, but he had a tart humor of his own, and Mr. Harris didn't always escape the scrape of it. On one occasion —it was in the midst of one of those periods of clear, brilliant weather that come so pleasantly in midwinter, and the snows had melted—Mr. Harris had noticed a field of green halfway up the other side of the valley. And if it was green, it was obviously something growing; in his innocence, Mr. Harris applied to it the only term he had heard of that might fit the circumstances. He decided it was winter wheat, and when he got to the Sheltons' he told the old man about it.

As if in response to the sunlight outside, Mr. Shelton had been perkier than usual that day—his health, Mr. Harris had noted, always seemed to follow the weather—and when he heard "winter wheat" he burst out derisively. "Winter wheat!" he cried, and beneath his laughter Mr. Harris sensed something sharper. What had often been tolerance in the old man's attitude toward Mr. Harris's ignorance of country matters had turned close to contempt. "And ye've lived here how long now—three years? And ye still don't know one crop from the other? Wheat, sir, 's a crop that's planted in the fall, but it don't sprout till spring. And it's rare enough here nowadays, anyway. What ye saw there was rye, most likely." He raised himself up and made a drinking gesture. "You know, if you wait long enough, ye get it in a bottle. That's Art Pritchard's land you were lookin' at, and Art's a careful farmer. He'd put in the rye for a cover crop, to hold down the soil and strengthen it. Margaret!" And to make Mr. Harris's humiliation more complete he called in his wife to tell her the story all over again. "Winter wheat!"

But a day or two later fresh snows came and the green field was covered; the old man sank again. Through it all there was little enough the Harrises could do. Mrs. Harris made soups and broths and baked innocuous cakes; Mr. Harris chopped wood and split up kindling and tried in what other ways he could think of to ease Mrs. Shelton's labors, for though she never complained, it was clear that the strain of caring for the old man, added to her worries about him, had taxed her strength nearly to its limits. Since the Sheltons had no phone, the Harrises could relay messages for

"Er—may you?"

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them to the doctor or to their friends in the village. But even these attentions were conditioned by the Harrises' own routine of life. Mr. Harris had occasional trips to the city to make, weekend guests came and went, there was a scattering of friends, staying on through the winter, who lived near enough to make dinner engagements possible. Driving out on such occasions, the Harrises always took the road past the Sheltons' place. It was the long way round, in a sense, with a mile or two more of dirt road to be covered before they reached the highway. But it gave them a chance to stop, in passing, to say hello to the couple; when they came back home, late at night—late enough so that most of the farms they passed would be still and dark—they would watch for their lights to strike in at the Sheltons'.

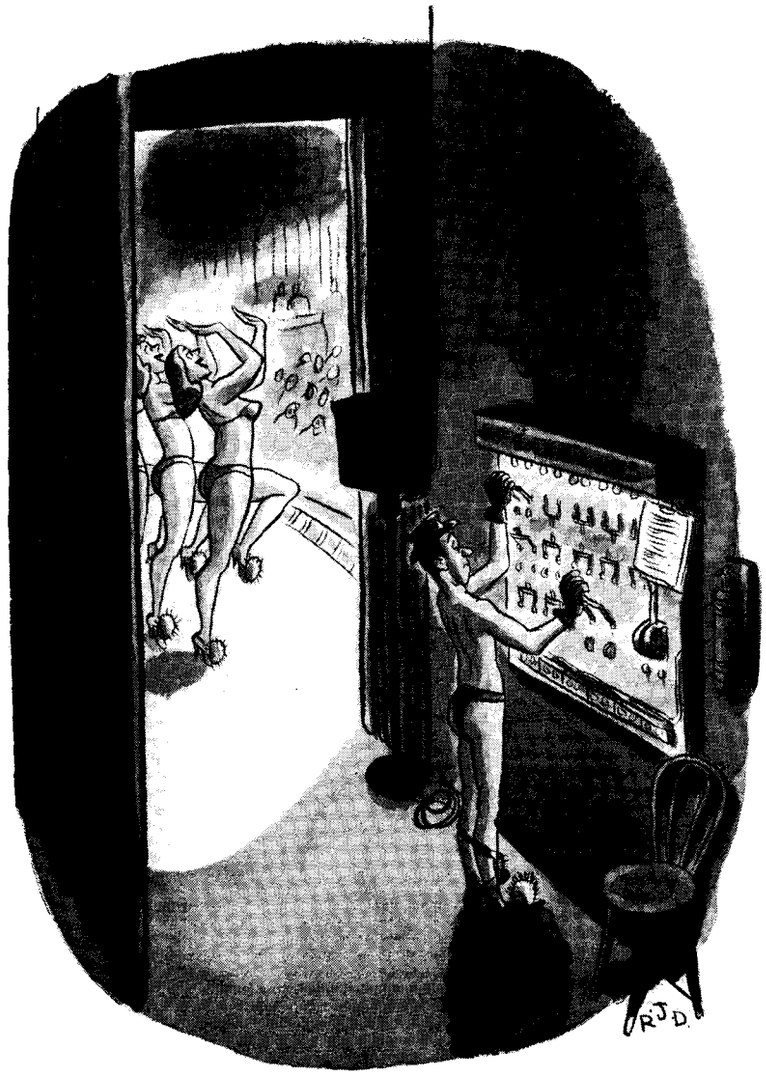
There was always a night lamp left burning there. Mr. Harris never quite realized till long afterward how much meaning that dim point of light had taken on for him, and, pocketed away in the darkness, how deeply it symbolized the winter—the power of winter and its relentlessness, its weight and its freezing pressure—and the feeble fierceness of the old man's struggle against it. In the face of such antagonists, the Harrises' efforts seemed small indeed; it was bitter comfort when, just after one such excursion, the minister called—more or less, Mr. Harris gathered, on behalf of the village—to thank them for the help they had rendered the old couple.

A DAY came, however, or a night, when the Harrises were to be of more service, after all. This was in the darkest part of winter, which is not, though the almanac may say so, at the solstice in December; time lags, and the earth is huge, and the sun must go well past its southernmost trending before the short days can have cast their deepest melancholy and the long nights their most freezing bite. It was midway in February when, one night at about three o'clock the Harrises were awakened by a pounding at their door. Mr. Harris went down, to find Mrs. Shelton, near collapse, in a coat and a skirt and a pair of men's boots and with a lantern in her hand. "It's Sam," she said weakly. "Sam." For a while she could hardly speak; how she had managed to walk the long mile from her home, in the night, was something that, for the moment, the Harrises could only wonder at.

They brought her into the living room and wrapped her in a blanket; even then she was chattering mostly about Sam: he'd been taken bad, he'd been thrashing about in the bed, he was worse than he'd even been before, he could hardly breathe, and he wanted the doctor. By that time Mrs. Harris was fumbling through the telephone directory; Mr. Harris was getting into a pair of pants and a shirt. He waited till he heard Dr. Kent's voice over the wire. "Get him up in the bed. Let him breathe. Put some pillows behind him," the doctor's voice said. "Make some tea for him, maybe. Make him comfortable." Seizing Mrs. Shelton's lantern, Mr. Harris plunged out into the night. The rest, for him, was turmoil.

Mrs. Shelton, on leaving her house, had jammed a couple of chairs against the sofa, hoping to keep the old man in bed. He had extricated himself, however, and when Mr. Harris arrived he was standing shivering in the kitchen. Oddly, he recognized Mr. Harris. "What you doing here, young man?" he demanded. "Where's Margaret? Where's she gone?" As gently as he could, Mr. Harris got him back in bed, put a kettle on the stove for tea; then, remembering the doctor's other instructions, he ran upstairs to the bedroom for more pillows.

With the pillows propped behind him, the old man felt better. But his breathing was still terribly hard and labored; at times he would writhe and mumble, and then sweat—a sweat that, when Mr. Harris wiped it away, left the skin feeling chill and clammy—would run streaming. Mostly he lay motionless, his eyes bright and set and staring, his whole conscious will bent solely to the effort of drawing in air to the lungs, and expelling it, and drawing in air again. And Mr. Harris couldn't help noticing the symptoms: the pale, blue-tinted lips, the cold hands. "It's the heart," he told himself, and when Dr. Kent arrived, he asked him, "Is it the heart?"



The doctor had been over an hour getting there, for his car had skidded into a drift just beyond the Harrises' and stalled there; he had walked the rest of the way. "Well, Sam!" he cried, as he came striding in. "Always pick the worst time for things, now, don't you? Gettin' a man out of bed on a night like this." The old man nodded and tried to smile, but he couldn't speak; he was in one of his gasping spells. "But we'll soon fix you up," the doctor went on, with a cheeriness that, clumsy as it was, brought a

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"Do you happen to remember the exquisite violet of the Perisphere at night?"

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kind of sanity into the situation. He was already measuring out a spoonful of greenish liquid from a bottle in his case. "Take that now. That's tincture of digitalis. It's bitter, but it ought to bring you some comfort." Later, in the kitchen, he answered Mr. Harris's question. "Yes," he said. "It's the heart. Like with all folks his age, more or less."

"Will he live?"

"I hope so," Kent said. "We'll know more by tomorrow, maybe, and more still the day after that." Suddenly he looked hard at Mr. Harris. "You did your best for him, anyway. Now I'll try to do mine."

THE doctor's best, in this case, was enough. Slowly, painfully, in the weeks that followed, the old man grew better; like the year that had reached its depth of darkness and now turned upward, he did not die. Almost imperceptibly, the days grew longer, and as the sun rose higher its warmth became more evident. Snowdrifts shrivelled to crusts and the crusts themselves frayed away; crows appeared in numbers, and even a few other birds; the brook, that had been frozen and almost forgotten, made itself heard again. A day came when the wind stayed persistently in the south; that was the thaw, and with it the last of the frost welled up out of the ground, releasing smells that had lain locked there all winter, of manure, and warm earth, and leafage. The old man had been out of bed for some time by now, but he had still been confined to the kitchen; now, walking up to the Sheltons' one day, Mr. Harris was surprised to find him sitting out on the porch.

"Been indoors long enough," he cried as Mr. Harris came up the path. "I figured what I needed was sun." There was still a little snow left here and there in the hollows, but the rest of the ground was bare; with his white hair glistening and his shoulders wrapped in the old brown blanket, the old man looked, at the moment, like a piece of the earth itself. Suddenly he reached out and seized Mr. Harris's hand. "Look," he said, and he pointed across the valley. "That green field over there, that's the one ye was talkin' about, ain't it? Well, that's rye, and it's time ye learned it. Look beyond there, that patch up there nearer the woods. That's green too. It's lighter, kind of, but it's green."

At that distance the patch he was speaking of seemed mainly brown, but there was the faintest possible tinge of green overlaying it, like a haze or an almost transparent emerald curtain.

Mr. Harris saw it, and said so.

"Well, that's wheat. Art Pritchard always puts in some for his own use. Just sproutin', and it's pretty too, ain't it?" Gently, affectionately, he gave Mr. Harris's hand a little shake. "I'll make a farmer out of you yet, young man, now won't I?" he said. Mr. Harris wasn't at all sure of that outcome, but at the moment he felt happy enough, and contented, to smile and nod his head. —ROBERT M. COATES

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COCK CROW

The cocks that cry from town to town
assail time's gate and break it down.

Through centuries, by links of sound,
to Christ's dark night this night is bound.

The same proud bugling pierced the sky
when Peter did his Lord deny.

The red dawn flows across my sill.
I dare not look upon the hill

lest I should see the deed new done:
three crosses black against the sun.

—DILYS BENNETT LAING

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IS THERE A TOOTHPICK AMONG YOUR KEEPSAKES?

A COMPANION proverb to "Love 'em and leave 'em" is "Eat 'em and forget 'em." I made up the latter proverb just a couple of minutes ago, but it is nonetheless a damned good proverb. I would particularly like to bring it to the attention of Mr. Paul Hyde Bonner, who not only can remember a meal nearly three years after eating it but can write a magazine article describing it in detail. See *Vogue* for March 1, 1941, the next time you are in your dentist's waiting room. And see your dentist at least twice a year.

I read Mr. Bonner's piece because my eye was caught by a mention of my native city, Boston. Mr. Bonner said flatly that one of the most memorable dinners he ever ate was the dinner served on May 17, 1938, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred McIntyre, 13 Louisburg Square. By way of introduction, Mr. Bonner remarked that "in most places today, dining is but an interval, a prescribed victualling recess between an hour of cocktails and three hours of games." Boston, on the other hand, "regards dining, rather, as the gentle but intricate art of combining good food and appropriate wines with a well-selected company. The guests, like the two parts of the menu, must fuse spiritually and intellectually, for the only game to be played is a tossing of the conversational ball with curves and breaks of wit and anecdote, and they will play this at their best with a stimulated and satisfied digestive track."

Now, before you people start whistling and catcalling and making bum jokes about Boston being just a whistle stop on the digestive track, let me say this: I firmly believe—I *know*—that Mr. Bonner meant to say "digestive tract." It came out "digestive track" in *Vogue* because that's the sort of thing that's bound to happen to a man who writes a piece about the gentle but intricate art of combining good food and appropriate wines with a well-selected company. Too great dignity contains within itself the elements of its own downfall; a statuesque lady who tries to dominate an evening party by appearing in a strapless gown will, almost inevitably, be seized with hiccoughs. As a matter of fact, if Mr. Bonner wants to know, that "k" was substituted for the final "t" in "tract" by a small, determined band of brownies who live entirely on hamburger sandwiches and draught beer and do not speak at all during meals.

But I'm getting off the digestive track (sorry, Mr. B.). The dinner guests at 13 Louisburg Square on May 17, 1938, were Mrs. Philip Dexter, Mrs. Harold Russell, Professor and Mrs. Bruce Cameron Hopper, Professor and Mrs. Robert Hillyer, Mr. Alexander Williams, Mr. C. Raymond Everitt, and Mr. and Mrs. Bonner. I'll let Mr. Bonner tell you in his own words about the food and drink. "The food: Cream of clam and chicken soup, saddle of spring lamb with new peas and boiled new potatoes, grilled cèpes, baked chocolate pudding with cream mocha sauce, and coffee. The drink: Williams and Humbert's Fine Amontillado Sherry; Romanée Saint-Vivant, 1929 (L. Latour); Mumm's Extra Dry; Fine Champagne, London Dock, Codman Brother Selection."

Rightly surmising that readers like me could do with a bit of help, Mr. Bonner explains that cèpes are "those large, flat mushrooms found wild on golf courses." He doesn't tell us on what golf course his hostess found the May 17, 1938, cèpes, but I rather think it must have been at The Country Club, in Brookline. Oh, possibly the Charles River Country Club, but I rather think The Country Club. Mr. Bonner says that the guests included two publishers, a poet, a professor of government, a music critic, and the literary executor of a deceased poet; and I do not think that cèpes from a less fashionable golf course could have vied with the distinguished guests and the distinguished wine, which, Mr. Bonner tells us, "had a majesty and boldness which made the lamb taste like venison."

ALL this reminds me of the difference between the ideal world of literature and the world of reality. (I do not, of course, include Boston in the world of reality.) I could easily duplicate in my New York apartment the externals of Mr. Bonner's memorable evening in Boston: the simple, nourishing meal; the simple, bookish guests; the bold, majestic wine which makes the lamb taste like venison. But would it turn out the same way it did in Boston? It would not. Mr. Bonner would write no piece about it for *Vogue*, or, if he did, it would be summarily rejected.

As a matter of fact, I tentatively broached the matter quite recently to the lady who presides over my dinner table. "Next time we have some people for dinner, why don't you serve grilled cèpes?" I asked.

"Why should I?" she said, fretfully. "What *are* cèpes?"

"Cèpes are those large, flat mushrooms found wild on golf courses," I told her.

"——!" she remarked, quoting from one of her favorite authors. "Thy obscenity friends can obscenity well eat mushrooms from Third Avenue."

Let us suppose, however, that I have been able to bring some sort of pressure to bear upon her, and that she has invited a number of literary people to dinner (including Mr. Bonner, who is going to write a piece about it for *Vogue*), and has spent the afternoon at the Winged Foot Country Club, gathering cèpes. The dinner party is doomed from the start, but nothing actually breaks out until Mr. Bonner, sipping his wine, remarks, "This makes the lamb taste like venison."

Now, the majesty and boldness of a bold, majestic wine are likely to enter a hostess more quickly than they do any of her guests, especially if she has had a tiring afternoon on the links. The hostess I have in mind would undoubtedly, upon hearing Mr. Bonner's remark, put down her knife and fork, look Mr. Bonner in the eye, and ask, "Would you *like* some venison, Mr. Bonner? Because we can send out for some." Mr. Bonner, of course, would make some tactful remark, and the other guests would engage in general conversation, the professor of government saying, "Now, take this fella Mussolini," and the music critic beating time on his dinner plate with his knife as he hummed a theme from a symphony. It would be too late, however, to hush the matter up, and there would be recurrent murmurs from the hostess of "I could have *shot* one this afternoon when I was gathering those damn cèpes" and "What does he do in the closed season—starve?" It would all be very regrettable, and Mr. Bonner, as I say, certainly wouldn't want to immortalize it in *Vogue*.

ONLY one meal of my life has stuck in my memory for more than twelve hours. This was a dinner served me in the Harkness Pavilion of the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center,

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where I was under observation. It consisted of three hundred and fifty calories, and must have been mostly lettuce. (My doctor, an expert diagnostician, had decided that the reason I was fat was that I was eating too much, and had put me on a thousand calories a day.) My wife came up and dined with me, off a tray from the visitors' dining room. She had lamb chops, salad, rolls, ice cream, and iced coffee with cream and sugar. She hardly touched her iced coffee; it remained on her otherwise devastated tray, cold, creamy, laden with life-giving calories. Finally she said she had to go. I said, "Well, if you must," and glanced hopefully at the iced coffee, with which I would soon be alone. She followed my glance, seized the iced coffee, and poured it down the washbowl in the bathroom. Nothing here that Mr. Bonner would remember for nearly three years. No wine, almost no food, and no good talk; merely a profound and rather degrading frustration. That's hardly the sort of thing that would interest *Vogue*. But then, so little of my life is. —RUSSELL MALONEY

WELCOME TO AUNT KITTY'S

"GOOD morning, Mr. Devore," the voice at the other end of the wire said. "This is Catherine Buckley. I understand I'm supposed to call you about a consultation."

"Oh?" Mr. Devore said in bewilderment. Then he remembered. "Oh, yes. How do you do?" A few days before, Chester Hibben—Chester L. Hibben of the Wolverine Commercial Car Corporation—had come up to him in the Harvard Club and remarked casually, "By the way, I've told a friend of mine to make an appointment with you for a consultation. Remarkably interesting woman by the name of Buckley. She's going to get in touch with you in a day or two."

Miss Buckley went on to say that she hoped Mr. Devore would be able to help her solve a little problem that was troubling her.

"I hope so, too," he said gallantly. "I need hardly say that Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore will always be very glad to be of service to a friend of Chester Hibben. Perhaps you can give me some idea of your difficulty?"

"To put it in plain English," she said cheerfully, "I've got a beautiful mess on my hands. It all has to do with a mean buck nigger down in Guadeloupe. He's Mattie's husband—Mattie's one of my maids—and if what she says is true, he'd just as soon run a knife through your heart as eat a piece of candy."

"What?" said Mr. Devore, sitting bolt upright. None of his clients, not even Thomas Grier of Annesley Bolt & Screw in his most choleric appraisals of the Democratic Party, had ever spoken quite so vividly.

"Oh, I don't mean *your* heart," Miss Buckley said, rippling with laughter. "I mean anybody's heart—Mattie's, probably. And I don't want to lose Mattie on account of anything worse than old age if I can help it. She's valuable to me. What I want is to have this man kept out of the country. He's all set to come here. I want the immigration men to watch out for him and see that he doesn't get in. That's easy enough, isn't it?"

"Well—" Mr. Devore hesitated.

"Look," Miss Buckley said impatiently, "just notify them, that's all, or whatever it is you do officially. He's dangerous and he means business. Mattie's worth a lot to me, a whole lot. I don't care *how* much money it costs to fix this."

"It all sounds most unusual." Mr. Devore's tone was doubtful. He had been wholly sincere in saying that he was glad to be of service to a friend of Chester Hibben. Indeed, only a desire not to offend the Wolverine Commercial Car Corporation deterred him now from saying firmly that he could not possibly assist her and hanging up the receiver.

"Of course it's unusual! That's why I'm calling you about it. I think you and Mattie'd better have a little talk. If you're free this afternoon around five or so, why not come up here? I'll give you a drink. I'd send Mattie down to your office except that she'd probably get rattled and waste your time. Up here she'll feel at home. How about it? Five o'clock be all right?"

"Really, Miss Buckley, my calendar is so crowded that—"

"Oh, of course, if you have another engagement, come right out and say so. You won't be hurting Aunt Kitty's feelings."

Mr. Devore realized that one must meet briskness with—well, if not with

"Say, Pop, do you realize the average child spends approximately fifteen dollars a year on candy?"

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equal briskness, at least with a definite answer. "Thank you," he said, a trifle austerely. "I shall try my best to arrange it." Miss Buckley was something new to him. Her voice had authority. Unaccustomed to being told what to do, Mr. Devore obeyed.

"It's settled, then," she said. "I'll see you at my place of business around five o'clock."

"Place of business?" he asked with interest.

"That's right," said Miss Buckley, and she gave him the address. "You know, it's a funny thing, the last lawyer I had talked just the way you do. Well, I'm getting off the subject. Goodbye now."

So she had had another lawyer. Who? And why had she given him up? If he had died, why hadn't she retained another member of the same firm? Mr. Devore disliked not being able to examine and dispose of these interesting points.

TOWARD the end of the afternoon he took a taxi to East Fifty-sixth Street. He could afford to inconvenience himself just this once, as far as Miss Buckley's affairs were concerned, out of courtesy to Chester Hibben, but after this visit he would, of course, turn the matter over to one of the clerks. His destination, he found, was an expensive-looking apartment house. He was received by a stately doorman in mulberry livery. In the lobby, Mr. Devore met another attendant, equally splendid, who became something less than cordial when the lawyer said, "Miss Catherine Buckley?"

"Who shall I say is calling?" The man's attitude seemed to be one of suspicion.

"Mr. Devore. Mr. Henry Devore."

"Oh, yes," the attendant said in a much friendlier tone. "Step right in the elevator, Mr. Devore. You're expected. What sorta threw me off was the way you gave the name. Most people just come in and say 'Kitty's.' Matter of fact, she usually don't get nobody at all till about ten." He winked, leaving Mr. Devore a trifle dazed, and made no further comment until they arrived and he threw open the elevator door. "Okey-doke," he said, grinning fraternally. "Penthouse." Mr. Devore found himself in a tiny foyer. Another door opened and a Negro maid said, "Yes, *sir*." Behind her a plump, middle-aged woman in a chartreuse velvet house coat lifted her arm in a cordial salute. She brushed a mop of fuzzy hair back from her forehead and gripped Mr. Devore's hand.

"Welcome to Aunt Kitty's!" she boomed at him. "Zipporah, go tell Mattie the gentleman's here and that I want to see her in the bar. Tell her to bring the snapshots."

"You the gentleman's gonna help Mattie?" the maid inquired sociably.

"He certainly is!" Miss Buckley said with vigor. "None other! Come along, Mr. Devore. What's your first name—Henry, isn't it? Let's go up to the bar. Harry for short, I suppose? We go up these stairs right here. I've got the bar in a special little penthouse of its own. I had a room built on top of all this on account of the noise. I think it was a damn clever thing to do, personally. And the floor below this one belongs to Laddie Selden, who owns the building, so there's no trouble as far as that goes." She was wheezing a little when they reached the floor above, a room handsomely decorated in blue leather, cork, and aluminum, with a professional-looking bar, a blond-finish automatic gramophone, and, in the centre of the floor, a small parquet for dancing. "You never saw the Seventieth Street house, did you? It had the worst possible layout. I never had a comfortable minute the whole three years I was there. But here I'm relaxing. It costs me plenty, but why worry? Everybody seems to like it. Daiquiri?"

Mr. Devore sat gingerly on the edge

PRAIRIE, PRAIRIE

They were always saying "prairie"
When I was little and full of questions:
"Prairie-born," "prairie-bred."
What is it, "prairie"?
"Prairie," I said, flying West in a hurry.

Hard to see prairie from air,
But so it happened, mostly with a star.
(Star at Laramie, Wyoming.)
When the plane came down bump
In Laramie
It was 5:30 morning, Rocky Mountain Time.
Nothing to see but lots of high level green delicate country
Lit by a star as yellow as butter.
Between sleeping and waking,
Between repeating "Laramie,"
I mumbled
"Peachy country," stepped
From chromium bird
Into Wyoming air,
Dawn air, smelling of childhood,
Down on solid
Prairie. (But don't forget the star.)
(I'll never forget the star.)

Proud, subtle, pretty land . . . very high for prairie.
The airport dull,
Smelling of counter breakfasts,
Full of high-school girls in saddle shoes waiting for a bus,
And synthetic, self-conscious
Cowboys. Delicate star,
"Prairie" is a changing, changing
Word. As you observe. And here I am,
Fastening seat straps.
Laramie, goodbye.
Remember me
And bury me not
On the lone prairie. (A radio song.)

—GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

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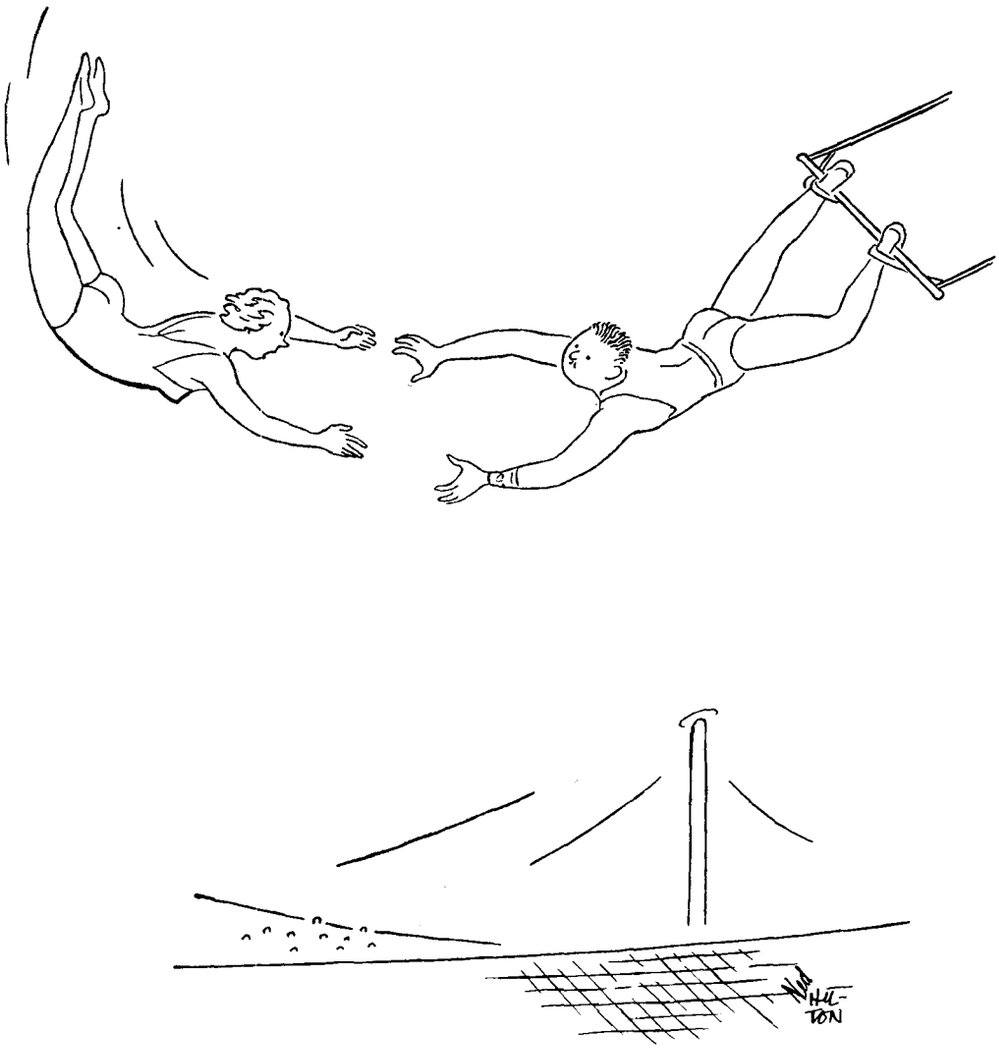

"Wilfred, we must stop seeing each other."

• •

of a banquette and held his breath. What had he let himself in for, he wondered in horror, and how would he ever be able to explain Miss Buckley to his partners? He realized that allowing a clerk to handle her problem was out of the question. It would have to be a junior partner, and someone completely trustworthy. Preferably a young man who would view the situation with the utmost seriousness and feel nothing more than pity for this unfortunate woman. But *was* there such a young man on the staff of Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore? He had an uncomfortable suspicion that there was not. Miss Buckley, who had gone behind the bar, was mixing a drink with the same precision and sixth sense for measurements that he always admired when he watched the bartender at the Lawyers Club.

"The girls don't get here until seven-thirty or eight or thereabouts," she said. "They make up and dress here. Lovely clothes, Harry. You ought to pay us a visit sometime. My girls are darling. Maybe a little too well developed for chorus work, but that's all. I take most of my girls from show business for sentiment's sake, and I treat 'em right. After all"—she sighed—"I can't ever forget the way *I* looked in my Alfred Cheney Johnston pictures. I've got a lovely one I'll show you sometime. I'm in a black lace shawl. You know how long it's been since they had my picture in the New Amsterdam lobby? Twenty years!" she chuckled richly. "I got out before the two big features for fifteen cents got in. You *did* say a Daiquiri, didn't you? Because it looks as if I've gone right ahead and made one. . . . Oh, hello, Mattie, this is Mr. Devore. Harry, this is Mattie."

An affable Negress who looked as if she might be in her thirties had come into the room. Like Zipporah, she was trimly dressed in a gray-and-white uniform. "Go ahead and sit down, Mattie," Miss Buckley said. "In the first place, he's your lawyer, and in the second place, we're all living in one great big democracy. So they tell me. Have a Daiquiri, Mattie? I don't get someone like Mr. Devore up here for you every day. Incidentally, did Grace's white lamé come back from Plotnick?"

"Thanks, Miss Kitty," Mattie said, accepting a glass. "Yes, Ma'am, it's back. He fixed the sloe-gin spot. It come out fine."

Mr. Devore found himself thinking that although he had been a carefree young man at Harvard, he had never had any preparation for anything quite like this. The conflict in his mind as to which junior partner he should delegate to take Mattie's case had grown more and more disturbing. It should be someone as like himself as possible. Regretfully, he decided that young Mr. Latimer, whom he liked, was perhaps too worldly, too debonair, besides having the grave fault of enjoying any experience that made a good story. Mr. Devore, aware that he himself might figure prominently in any Latimer anecdote about Miss Buckley, gave an involuntary shudder. He wondered about Mr. Thomas Keoghan, who had the advantage of wearing horn-rimmed glasses and living with an unmarried sister in New Rochelle. But of course one could never really be certain about quiet young men. Still waters.

"She's got three snapshots of what's-his-name," Miss Buckley said. "Give them to him, Mattie. He'll want to use them sooner or later." The maid handed some photographs to Mr. Devore. Her husband, whom she identified as one Théophile Descamps, was an unprepossessing animal. Mr. Devore regarded Exhibit A without relish.

"And what do you propose that I do with these, Miss Buckley?"

She raised her glass. "To absent friends," she murmured, and sipped the mixture with satisfaction. "Why ask me? You ought to know better than I do. Have negatives made, then some more prints, and send them to the immigration people. New York, Miami, Tampa, Galveston, Baltimore, Philly, Boston—you know, all around. He might use a phony name, but I guess when they see that kisser, they'll really put their hearts into their work."

"He'd most likely come right here to New York," Mattie said helpfully.

"Might as well be thorough about it," Miss Buckley said with a shrug. "That's my motto. Go on, Harry, drink your drink. And how about asking Mattie some questions?"

"Eventually one of our junior part-

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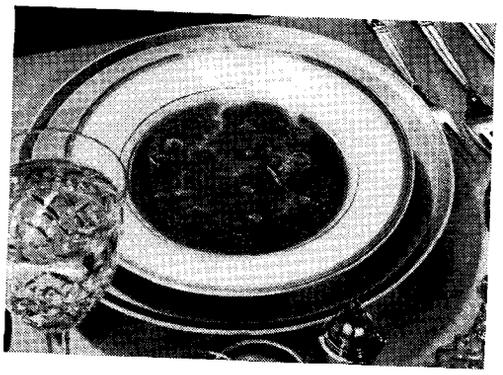
"Oh, Mr. Zenone, I do want the girls to have a cup of your ox tail!"



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in a Musical Play
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A Comedy by
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JANE COWL
A New Comedy by JOHN VAN DRUTEN
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PEGGY WOOD
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"A MASTERPIECE" —Atkinson, Times
Herman Shumlin presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE in "THE CORN IS GREEN"
A play by Emlyn Williams
Directed by Mr. Shumlin
NATIONAL Theatre, 41 St., W. of B'way. PE 6-8220
Evgs. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"TERRIFIC" Whipple, World-Tel. "BRILLIANT" Watts, Her. Trib.
GEORGE ABBOTT'S Musical Comedy Hit
PAL JOEY
Book by JOHN O'HARA
RODGERS and HART SONGS
with VIVIENNE SEGAL—GENE KELLY
JACK DURANT—JUNE HAVOC
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"The Talley Method"
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MAX GORDON presents
MY SISTER EILEEN
THE RIOTOUS LAUGH HIT
by JOSEPH FIELDS and JEROME CHODOROV
Based on the stories by RUTH McKENNEY
Staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
BILTMORE TH. 47th St. W. of B'way. CI 6-9353
EVGS. 8:40. MATS. WED., THURS. & SAT., 2:40

ners will have to talk to—ah—to Mrs. Descamps in order to decide what can be done about her case, but meanwhile I shall be glad to listen to whatever details you think necessary," Mr. Devore said with careful formality. Prompted by Miss Buckley, he learned colorful particulars about the private life of the Descamps. When the necessary background had been covered, Miss Buckley suddenly named a substantial sum and asked him whether it would cover everything. He said uncertainly that he believed it would, but when she offered to go downstairs and write a check ("I like to get things finished and out of the way"), he said in haste that this was not necessary and that in due course Forbes, Hathaway, Bryan & Devore would notify her regarding costs.

"When I think of the money I've said goodbye to in this sucker world, I get the creeps!" Miss Buckley sighed. "But I've hired my last shyster. One thing I've learned—it doesn't pay to monkey around with cheap lawyers. Mattie, you're certainly getting to be a luxury. If Mr. Devore's finished with you, you'd better run along."

The maid thanked them and departed.

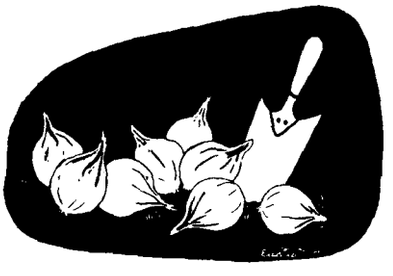
"We'll have another little drink for friendship's sake," said Miss Buckley, returning to the bar. "Harry, how is it you've never been up to see us? I mean when business is going on. I kind of expected to see you and Chester Hibben drop in together some evening."

"Why—ah—thank you," he said nervously. "I'm not at all sure, however, that I *can*—or, rather, that my *time* can be adjusted in such a way as to—"

She was studying him with amused curiosity. "All right, all right," she said. "You're the boss." They had another drink and, much to his relief, Mr. Devore succeeded in maintaining a diplomatic aloofness. He maintained it even after they had gone downstairs, even after Zipporah had given him his hat and helped him with his coat and Mattie had repeated her thanks.

"Zipporah's mad as hell," Mattie said with a low chuckle. "She was all set to make Théophile."

"Nuts!" Zipporah said companion-



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Sonja Henie & Arthur Wirtz present
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KATHARINE CORNELL
presents
THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA
by BERNARD SHAW
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A Play by PAUL GREEN & RICHARD WRIGHT
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CHARLEY'S AUNT
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Mats. Mon., Wed., Thurs., Sat. at 2:40

HERMAN SHUMLIN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S NEW PLAY
WATCH ON THE RHINE
with
LUCILE WATSON • PAUL LUKAS • MADY CHRISTIANS
George Coulouris Helen Trenholme John Lodge
MARTIN BECK W. 45. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"The best new American play of the season" Richard Watts, Jr., Herald Tribune
JOHN GOLDEN presents
"CLAUDIA"
BY ROSE FRANKEN
BOOTH THEATRE, 45th St. W. of B'way
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HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF • ALLYN JOSLYN
Josephine Hull • Jean Adair • John Alexander
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IF IT'S A B. G. DE SYLVA MUSICAL IT'S THE HIT OF BROADWAY!
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ETHEL MERMAN in
PANAMA HATTIE
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"A PERFECT MUSICAL." WalterWinchell
WILLIAM GAXTON • VERA ZORINA • VICTOR MOORE
LOUISIANA PURCHASE
with IRENE BORDONI
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IMPERIAL Thea. W. 45th St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30

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By Owen Davis from the Lockridge Stories
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A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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Rockefeller Center
Held over Second Week
VIVIEN LEIGH LAURENCE OLIVIER
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"THAT HAMILTON WOMAN"
Released thru United Artists
Gala Stage Revue Symphony Orchestra
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ably. "All cats look alike inna dahk."

"Nice language!" Miss Buckley commented, but without any real indignation. "Zipporah, you keep your mouth shut." She turned to Mr. Devore. "And maybe you'll decide to drop in and see us some evening, Harry. Might do you a lot of good to take off the stuffed shirt." She gave him a genial little poke.

AS Mr. Devore went down to the street he told himself that he really had good cause to be annoyed at Chester Hibben and Wolverine. While Cavalier Tobacco, Annesley Bolt & Screw, and the Bethesda Refining Corporation no doubt were equally guilty of occasional peccadilloes, at least they had never burdened him with a Catherine Buckley. He rehearsed what he was going to say to Mr. Keoghan: "My partners and I have always entertained the greatest admiration for your tact, Mr. Keoghan, and naturally we think of you before anyone else when we are confronted with an extremely delicate situation."

"Wouldn't you know it!" the doorman said gloomily. "It's raining again."

"In that case I shall require a cab," said Mr. Devore, thankful that there was no humiliating twinkle in the doorman's eye. "We've been quite at the mercy of the weather these days, haven't we?"

—JAMES REID PARKER

•

SICK HEADACHE DEPARTMENT
(DIVISION OF PATRIOTISM, DEFENCE, AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS)

[*Letter from a firm of tailors*]

DEAR MR. B——:

Even this spring will bring lilac time to Kew and burst the blossoms of the horse-chestnuts along the Champs Elysées. But in America, while the cold snow still lingers on the upper slopes, and the sun beats hot on southern beaches, there is a production job to do.

Defense morale demands that the boss be on the job—looking the part. Back at work are the tanned, confident faces from Eastern Slopes and Sun Valley, from Miami, Palm Beach, Phoenix, and Nassau. In this war of nerves, clothes play an important psychological role.

MacDonald-Heath is producing at its greatest capacity, the uniform of our democratic leadership—the business suit. Each suit proclaims a successful individual free to vote, speak, and worship according to his convictions.

Enclosed is a newly arrived sample of Hunt and Winterbotham's famous Worsted Fleece. I believe the quality superior to any previously loomed. The amazing British have done it again—produced and delivered irreproachable woollens at a figure which necessitates no advance over our basic suit price of $125.

Spring Fiesta
Commencing April 12
THE SERT ROOM
Informal After Easter
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XAVIER CUGAT
and His Orchestra . . . North and South American Rhythms
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ROSARIO & ANTONIO
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Popular Selective Menus for Dinner
THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

At the IRIDIUM Room
The ST. REGIS ICE FROLIC
Directed by Gustave Lussi
Featuring DOROTHY LEWIS and BOB & JACK HEASLEY
with HAZEL FRANKLIN and HAL SAUNDERS and his orchestra
Theatre Dinner—Dinner—Supper—Dancing
JULES LANDE
and his ensemble at Luncheon and Cocktail Time
THE St. Regis
FIFTH AVENUE AT 55TH STREET, NEW YORK

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THE THEATRE

THIS IS IT

MISS LILLIAN HELLMAN'S "Watch on the Rhine" is unquestionably the best serious play of the year, and perhaps of several years. It is hard to say what our children will make of it, this story of a political refugee who murders a guest in a peaceful American household with everybody's complete moral approbation and even their connivance. Paradoxically, it is probably the hope of the world, as well as Miss Hellman's unselfish purpose, that they won't be able to make anything of it whatever. If "Watch on the Rhine" still means much to anybody twenty-five years from now, if the peril to free men which it attacks can still be readily identified and the behavior of its protagonists is still credible, it will have failed, along with many other things of infinitely greater importance. It is a fine, honest, and necessary play, but I would be glad to think that someday people who happen to run across it in libraries may find it melodramatic and improbable for all its eloquence.

There are defects, and it seems to me rather serious ones, about "Watch on the Rhine." Miss Hellman moves at a very leisurely pace through her first two acts, wandering down a good many pleasant but aimless byways (the love affair between the murdered man's wife and the handsome son of the house, for instance, accomplished nothing that I could see beyond leaving a rather awkward little anticlimax to be disposed of at the end). She is also mistaken, I think, to diminish the last and most moving scene of her play by making her hero, on his way back to Germany and probably death, say goodbye to each member of the cast at length and separately, until he has somewhat the air of a nervous guest who doesn't know quite how to break away from a cocktail party. I'm not even sure I admired the weird precocity of the youngest refugee child, on the ground that this kind of humor is of too elementary a design to be quite worthy of Miss Hellman's attention and perhaps distracting as well.

These complaints and one or two others, however, amount to very little compared with the many brilliant, subtle, and touching things she has done. The play is full of moments you won't forget: the speechless enchantment of Kurt Mueller and his family as they come out of the murderous darkness of Europe into the cheerful, sunlit Washington living room and, finding that people still live there in peace and dignity, can only say at last, "Yes, this is a good house;" Mueller's contempt for the idea that "they" are invincible, but also his agonized question "Why does our side always have to fight them with our bare hands?;" the scene in which the Count de Brancovis, not the traditional Nazi villain but only the product of a bankrupt and dying culture, is left alone with the man and woman he plans to betray and says, "Now we can talk. We understand one another. We are Europeans;" and, at the end, Frau Mueller's despairing acknowledgment that she wants her husband to go back to Berlin, though aware that she and her children are not likely to see him ever again.

Altogether, Miss Hellman's play deserves a much more detailed and thoughtful review than I can give it here. I can only say that for the first time, as far as I am concerned (and I'm not forgetting "There Shall Be No Night"), the fundamental issue of our time has been treated with the dignity, insight, and sound theatrical intelligence that it demands. At one point in the evening, Herr Mueller asks his hostess if the word "noble" is always used as a light insult, a term of derision, by Americans. I'm afraid I've often used it that way myself, but I wouldn't be if I'd happened to choose it this time.

I have nothing but admiration for every detail of Herman Shumlin's production, and certainly Paul Lukas, Mady Christians, Lucile Watson, and George Coulouris, who play the leading rôles, need no flowers from me. John Lodge and Helen Trenholme, as the robot lovers, and Anne Blyth, Peter Fernandez, and Eric Roberts, as the multilingual refugee children, have a harder time, being as close to clichés as Miss Hellman has permitted herself to come, but they are always unobjectionable and usually very much better. The acoustics at the Martin Beck Theatre, where in certain dead areas a man can get the feeling he is watching a pantomime, have always been a little bothersome to me, but I don't see how Mr. Shumlin can be blamed for that.

"NATIVE SON"

Bigger Thomas (Canada Lee) may not be planning a murder in this picture, but you can be sure it's something almost as unpleasant. The dramatization of Richard Wright's novel is at the St. James.

THE same week that saw "Watch on the Rhine" also witnessed the arrival of something called "Your Loving Son," a miracle of contrast. Seldom in the history of our theatre has there been such a demented scurrying in and out of doors and up and down staircases, such an agi-

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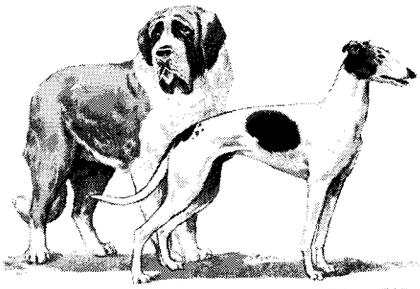
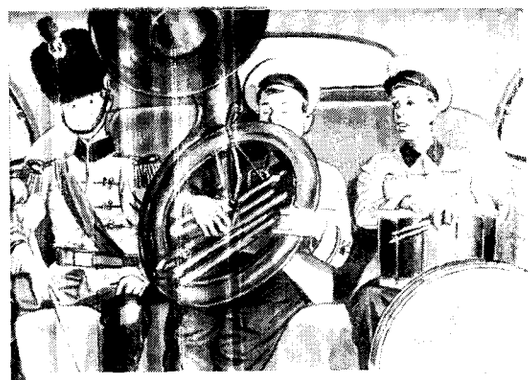
Here's Why Mercury's Difference Is More Than Skin Deep!



SMOOTH, flowing lines alone don't make a car different. Differences in Mercury start with its very conception. ● There's no other car like Mercury because it's actually designed and built with more power per pound than most other automobiles. ● In fleetness, it stands out like a greyhound as contrasted to a St. Bernard. For Mercury construction eliminates superfluous weight and drag. ● That's why Mercury steps out front and stays there in any kind of going. That's why it's so alert and responsive in traffic, so swift and sure on the highway.



● **MORE ROOM INSIDE.** Space aplenty for tall, broad-shouldered people to relax and rest without crowding. Extra-wide, deep seats and spacious interiors give big-car riding comfort.

● **LARGE BAGGAGE SPACE**—There's plenty of room for the whole family's luggage—big bags, golfing and fishing equipment. Spare tire stands vertically, out of the way.

● **SURE-FOOTED TRACTION**—New, larger tires with wider tread put *more rubber on the road* for better grip in starting, stopping—greater stability rounding sharp curves.

Mercury Always Rides A "Tail Wind"!

WHEN Mercury streaks down the highway and sweeps around curves, you get the *feel* of riding a tail wind. For the tremendous get-up-and-go of this spirited, youthful car whisks you along without a whisper of labored effort. Precision balance and favorable ratio of power-to-weight put it way out front and keep it there. ● Nation-wide records show that no other automobile in its field ever made friends so fast. Here's a car that everybody likes on sight—a trim, exciting beauty, alive with the power and vitality of a V-8 engine that's thriftier than many sixes. Here's a big car, too, inside and out, with plenty of room, yet it's so nimble and responsive that it seems to drive itself. ● New, wider tires and equalized weight distribution give Mercury better road grip—sure-footed stability on curves and slippery highways. Long, gentle, slow-motion springs and double-acting shock absorbers provide a brand new kind of motoring comfort. ● And for all Mercury's fleetness and power, *owners report up to 20 miles per gallon on gas!*

● **HERE'S SMARTNESS AND YOUTH IN A CONVERTIBLE**—a new all-weather 5-passenger Mercury. Automatic top is raised or lowered electrically, at the touch of a button. Tailored seat cushions and backs, in tan, blue or red genuine hand-buffed leather. Olive-drab or black fabric top, optional. Large luggage space. White sidewall tires extra.

MERCURY 8

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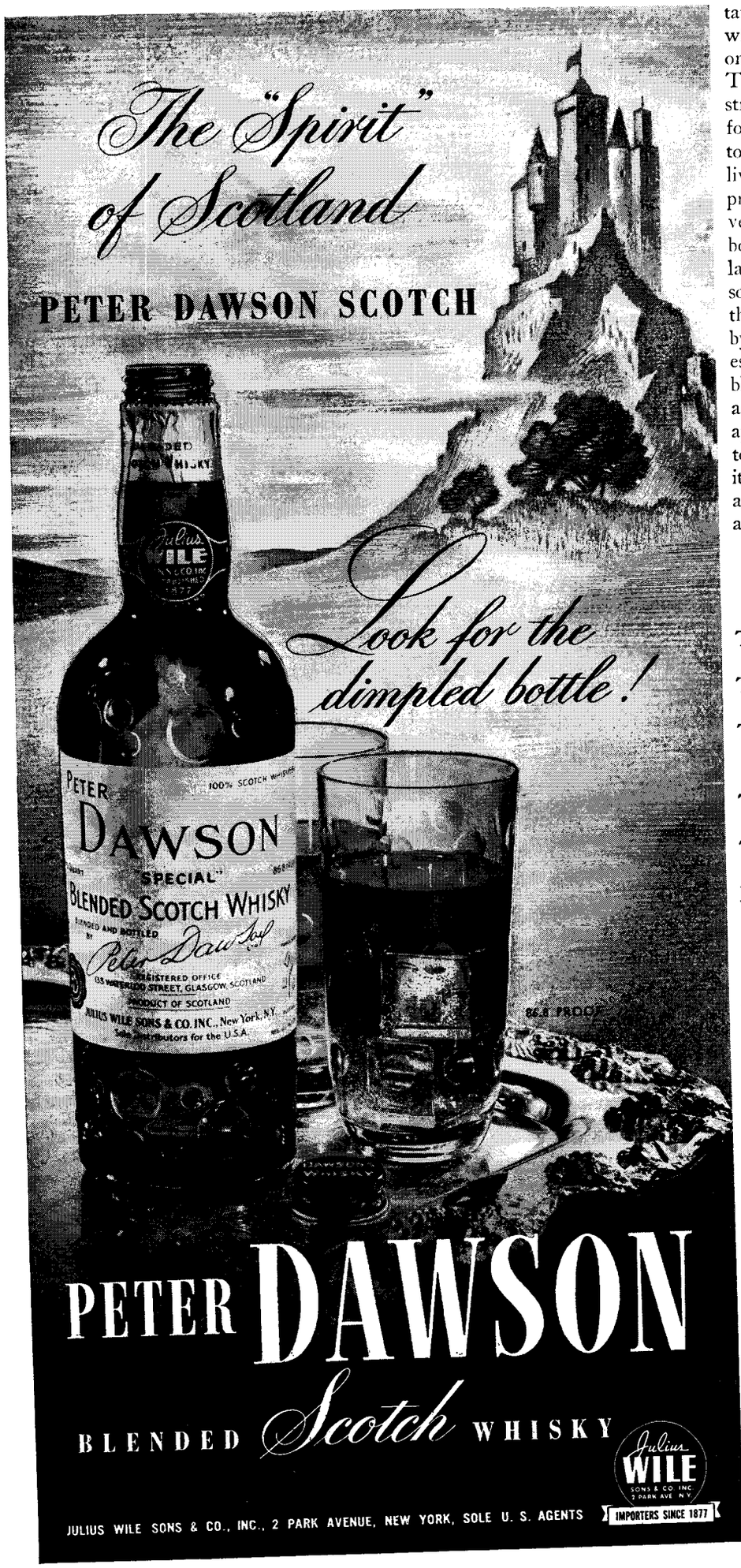

tated series of complications getting nowhere, such a grim and relentless demonstration of how not to write a play. The plot, or basic fallacy, behind this strange exhibit had to do with the efforts of two rather repulsive children to straighten out their parents' tangled lives, and it was debated in the kind of prose that usually accompanies those advertising comic strips explaining why the boys don't care to dance with Ellen. A lady for whom I have considerable personal regard played a central part in these shenanigans, and she was abetted by several other people whom I have no especial reason to dislike. I am charitably withholding all their names. The author of the set for some mad reason appeared to think he had been employed to design a maze. This bad dream in its entirety took place at the Little Theatre, which seemed, that night at least, a lot too big. —Wolcott Gibbs

•

WEATHER REPORT

The future's a blank and the past is a blur,
The plane's in the air but the train's on the spur,
The music is Chopin, the perfume is myrrh.

The world's gone to pot and the bells are all cracked,
The nymphs were all drowned when the Devil attacked,
Love put on a gas mask the day he was sacked.

And darkness conceals the cloaked body of Fear,
The sun has gone down but the stars won't appear,
It's harder to breathe now than this time last year.

The groves are all empty where lovers have lain,
Death strolls past the sentry box in the poor lane,
The password is Danger, the sentry's insane. —Harry Brown

•

But those who know him best will tell you the price that he pays for his incredible success: today, at 47, T. V. Soong has no friends.—*From an article in Life.*

What T. V. actually did when he came to Washington last September can be summed up simply. He engaged a suite at the Shoreham, shaved and bathed and took a taxi to the White House to see his old friend, the President of the U. S.—*Same article, later.*

There's no suffering like loneliness.

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"THE LIGHTER LEAF IS MILDER, MISS..."

"... it costs more, too — but Luckies pay the price!" says Joe Cuthrell, tobacco auctioneer

"THERE'S no two ways about it—the lighter, milder tobacco comes high, and Luckies pay the price to get it. That's why most auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—fellows like me, who actually see the sales—smoke Luckies as a matter of course!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. And independent tobacco experts tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So why not decide to smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke? Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

Copyright 1941, The American Tobacco Company

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 to 1

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. . . AND OWNERS SAY—"14 TO 17 MILES PER GALLON!"

LIKE MOST PEOPLE—haven't you always wanted a Cadillac? Doesn't that low price make the purchase practical? Aren't you hesitating only because you wonder about *driving costs?*

If that is true—if that is all that's keeping you from the endless pride and satisfaction of Cadillac ownership—you need delay no longer. You have the word of owners that, in the long run, a Cadillac will very likely be *the most economical car you've ever owned!*

Service charges, they report, are right down with the lowest. And *oil economy* is just as gratifying—in fact, *no* car uses less oil. As for *gas mileage*—owners testify to *14 to 17 miles per gallon.* Check carefully and you'll probably find that's better than you're getting now!

CADILLAC-ENGINEERED
HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE
OPTIONAL ON ALL MODELS AT EXTRA COST
Eliminates Clutch Pedal
Makes Gearshifting Entirely Automatic!

So see your Cadillac dealer and get conclusive proof that the car you *want* is a car *you can afford.* And while you're about it, enjoy the world's greatest performance thrill. Try the combination of *Cadillac's mightiest V-8 engine* and *Cadillac-engineered Hydra-Matic Drive.*

★ *For the Cadillac Sixty-One FIVE-PASS. Coupe delivered at Detroit. State tax, optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. A General Motors Value.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF THE QUITO HILLS

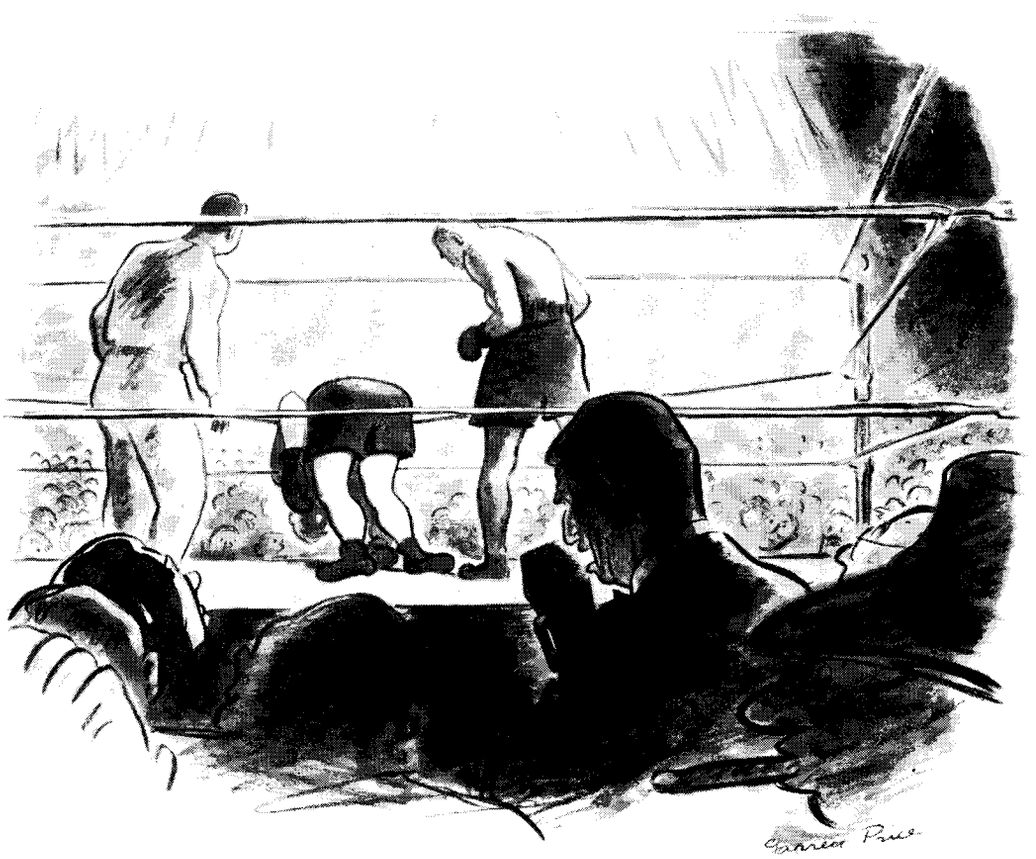
THE day before we landed at Guayaquil, the purser of the Santa Lucia gave to all passengers who got off there a manifesto, prepared and issued by the Department of Immigration of Ecuador. Printed on good paper, decorated with a crest, and written in four languages, it was a most polite invitation to visit the Chief of Immigration upon arrival—within the first twenty-four hours, if possible. The Department of Immigration, it said, was a few feet from the pier where we landed, right across the street from the Customs House. The purpose of the visit, the paper explained, was to give the Chief of Immigration an opportunity to furnish the traveller with some advice on how to make his stay agreeable. The letter bore a magnificent signature under the words "*Honor y Patria.*"

On the day we anchored, the Public Health Service doctor came aboard from his launch—a maroon-colored man with very small feet. The steward asked all passengers getting off at Guayaquil to assemble in the saloon. There were about forty, and of these I was the only non-Ecuadorian. The doctor lifted his chin and his hands in a plea for silence, and in purest Castilian, his words arranged as carefully as his delicate fingers, he informed the group that they all looked so well he saw no need to examine anyone. He signed the ship's papers, snapped his bag shut, and accepted half a Hershey bar from a small boy. With that in one hand, he carefully put his horn-rimmed glasses into the pocket of his *pet-en-l'air* with the other. Then he picked up his bag, bowed, and made his exit, backing out of the room. This was the first demonstration I had witnessed of the great leniency of this wonderful land.

It was still very early. Some of the passengers went back to bed and others went to the dining room to have breakfast before going ashore. I was sitting alone in the lounge when a native appeared, the first of those who come on board at a port like Guayaquil to sell Panama hats and other souvenirs. He floated in suddenly, soundless and barefoot, looked around, and then from a woven basket produced a smaller woven basket, and out of this took a dark, round object wrapped in sacking. This round object had a little mane of oily, blue-black hair. He pushed the hair to one side, and there was a face. I realized that this object was a shrunken head. The native offered it to me for three hundred and fifty sucres, a sucre being worth about seven cents. I thanked him, telling him I did not want it, and he wrapped it up again and floated away.

At about nine, I went down the steep stairs that hang on the side of a boat when she is at anchor and got into a launch to go ashore. I took a launch named Gloria. It was blue. In it, I passed the Battleship A, which was moored in the Guayas River; it is, together with the Battleship B, the Ecuadorian Navy. A is an old Vanderbilt yacht, with six baths and five open fireplaces. While we were in the shadow of this vessel, the man who steered the launch took hold of the tiller with his nude right foot, leaned forward, and removed a pillow from the seat. He opened a small locker under the seat and out of it he brought a box. In it was a shrunken head. He wanted two hundred sucres, then one hundred and eighty sucres, and finally one hundred and fifty sucres. I said I didn't want a shrunken head. He brushed its hair back once with his hand, put the head in the box, put the box in the locker and the pillow over the seat. He took the wheel in his hands again and brought his launch smoothly up to the pier. I went to the Grand Hotel and left my bags there and then repaired to the office of the Chief of Immigration.

THE building in which the Chief of Immigration officiates is the most ambitious in Guayaquil. It is on the riverfront, next to a statue of General Sucre, an Ecuadorian hero. The office of the Chief is down a long corridor paved with polished tiles. Every step he takes is three times echoed. As I came down the corridor, a clerk rose from a desk at the end of it. I was carrying the manifesto in my hand. He ran into a room and came back with a man who had on a dark coat, gray striped trousers, and white piping around his vest. This man smiled, advanced toward me, and opened his arms wide. He then clapped his hands in a thrice-echoed note of applause, and, taking my arm and at the same time the



"Grogan is now visibly tired."

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New deep throatline dress with Milgrim cape-jacket.
Navy, black. 10 to 20
Salymil shop, 4th floor
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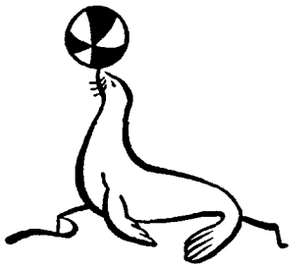

ARE YOU TWO PEOPLE?

Are you a man with extravagant tastes in whiskey? Are you *also* a man who doesn't like to pay extravagant prices? Then suppose you get together with yourself and agree on Carstairs White Seal. It's the Perfectly Balanced Blended Whiskey—at a budget-balancing price. Carstairs has been a name of character since 1788.

THE MAN WHO CARES SAYS: CARSTAIRS

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof, 72% Grain Neutral Spirits.
Carstairs Bros. Distilling Co., Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.

paper, ushered me into a reception room. In English, he said, "I am so happy to see you. You have come to see me, no? You know I send out these papers to everybody, but no one, nobody, pays the slightest attention to them. You are the first one"—he held up a finger—"the first one in two months to come here. Take a seat." I told him I was going on to Quito, the capital, the next day, and he spoke then of the beauty of Ecuador, recommended trains and hotels, suggested excursions, alligator hunts, mineral baths, safaris to the head-hunters of the Quito hills, and finally asked me to go along with him to luncheon with a newly arrived diplomat, a native of another South American country, who was, like me, en route to Quito.

He excused himself for a moment and went to get his hat. As soon as the Chief was out of sight, the clerk peered at me from his desk in the corridor, then quickly opened a drawer. He gave me a card on which was the address of a store where he said I would find shrunken heads for sale. "Go there with confidence," he said. "You will get a very fine one, reasonably. Tell them I sent you—here, I will put my name down on the card, with your permission."

When the Chief and I arrived at the hotel, the visiting diplomat was waiting in the lobby. He and the Chief embraced like two people starting to dance, leaning first to the right side, then to the left, and finally bumping into each other head on while continually patting each other's shoulders and ribs. This is the Latin-American handshake. The Chief then stood back a little, half closed his eyes, and said in a singsong voice, "Most distinguished and estimated, cultured and noble and not sufficiently celebrated sir and friend, welcome to Ecuador." We went into the dining room and sat down.

I understand Spanish well enough but speak it badly, and therefore we conversed in French. The food was tepid and indifferent and the wine bad; the headwaiter, a half-breed, had oversized hands and dirty fingernails and a shirt front with tomato spots on it. His hair hung over his collar in back and over his face in front. He looked out of the window when he was not serving us.

When I had finished the *pastel de coco*, I called the headwaiter and asked him for a match. I had no matches and no lighter. Ecuador has a government match monopoly and one cannot bring into the country any matches or lighters without special permission. The Chief

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SOONER OR LATER ...and the "sooner" the better!

Surely, someday you'll buy a Chevrolet (regardless of what price you may have been in the habit of paying for cars in the past) . . . and if you'll stop to consider all that Chevrolet gives you—all that it saves you—we believe you'll decide to

BUY YOUR CHEVROLET Today!

GIVE LOW-PRICED CARS THIS "QUALITY QUIZ" AND YOU'LL CHOOSE CHEVROLET!

	CHEVROLET	NO. 2 CAR	NO. 3 CAR
90 H.P. ENGINE	YES	NO	NO
CONCEALED SAFETY-STEPS	YES	NO	NO
VACUUM-POWER SHIFT AT NO EXTRA COST	YES	NO	NO
BODY BY FISHER WITH UNISTEEL TURRET TOP	YES	NO	NO
UNITIZED KNEE-ACTION	YES	NO	NO
BOX-GIRDER FRAME	YES	NO	NO
ORIGINAL FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION	YES	NO	NO
TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH	YES	NO	NO

ONLY CHEVROLET HAS ALL THESE QUALITY FEATURES

EYE IT . . .
TRY IT . . .
BUY IT!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Sales Corporation*, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

YOU'LL SAY "FIRST BECAUSE IT'S FINEST"

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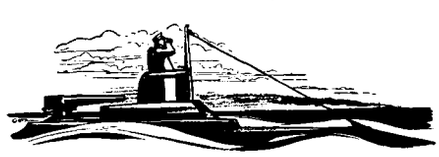
of Immigration had a lighter, but there was no alcohol in it. After a while the headwaiter called a waiter, who brought some Ecuadorian matches manufactured by the Estanco de Fosforos, the government monopoly. The waiter opened the box. The matches were of a dark wood, some of them splintered and others bent. The first one he tried to light broke in his fingers. The second he looked at and threw away. The third he scratched, and it lit with a sudden explosion; a small, torchlike flame appeared, blue and yellow and making a ffffhhhssss. Then it went out, leaving a ribbon of thick, milky smoke. Of six more matches, only two exploded. In the explosion of the first, small fragments from the head of the match shot away, one to my cheek and another to the back of my hand, where they burned with brief intensity, feeling like the sting of a wasp. The second produced a good-sized blaze, and my cigarette was finally lit. The waiter bowed down close to me, waving the dead match, and muttered something about having a shrunken head in the pantry which he would sell. "No," I said. He poured me some mineral water, which in Ecuador comes in soda bottles and costs five cents a quart, and said that he would sell this head very cheap. I brushed the bread crumbs from my trousers and got up and said, "No, but great thanks just the same."

The diplomat and the Chief were going to the Chief's office, and I told the Chief I wanted to go to a barbershop. He recommended one, a very aseptic shop on one of the main streets. There a barber stuck a finger in my mouth to get a better purchase while shaving my cheeks, pushed my nose up, and made agonized faces while he worked over me. After stropping his razor for a second attack, and while I was still soaped up and under the sheet, he disappeared and came back with a shrunken head. He held it so that I could see it in a mirror which was suspended over my chair. I shook my head, and he raised first his eyebrows and then one shoulder and put the head away. A dark-brown boy no older than six shined my shoes all this while. I left the barbershop and walked back to the hotel.

THE visiting diplomat was on the train I took for Quito the next morning. Our seats were next to each other in the observation car and we talked and smoked.

At Alausi, about eighty miles from Guayaquil, a woman came into the car and offered us a shrunken head. The diplomat took it in his hands, turned it around, brushed the hair apart at the back of the head, and announced to me that it was a fake; one can always tell certain fakes because they are sewed together at the back of the skull, he said. He told me that, having been stationed both in Colombia and Peru, he knew about shrunken heads and had a fine collection of them, which he would show me in Quito when he had unpacked. "Don't buy one until you can tell the real ones," he said. "These are fakes. Be very careful when buying shrunken heads. There are some good imitations."

For the rest of the trip he told me about head-shrinking. He had made frequent trips into the jungles of the Oriente, had been among the Jivaro Indians, and while he himself had never been fortunate enough to witness the actual shrinking of a head, he had learned that the procedure is something like this: If a warrior wants a shrunken head, he must bring home the body of an enemy whom he has killed in battle. The chief of the tribe and everybody else in camp gathers around and the warrior cuts the head off, leaving the neck on the body. The head is then placed on a *pingi nuka* leaf, a second *pingi nuka* leaf is placed on top of the head, and the warrior sits down on the head while the chief of the tribe blows tobacco juice up his nostrils in order to make him immune from any harm the spirit of the dead man may be planning. The skin is peeled from the skull and parboiled in a tea brewed of various herbs. Then the skin, which looks at this stage of the ceremony like a washrag with ears, two slits where the eyes were, and some hair, is filled with hot pebbles, which are allowed to cool. This operation is repeated several times, the skin shrinking a little each time. When it is about the size of an orange, it is parboiled for the last time, and is filled once more with hot pebbles. While it is drying, the warrior models the face like a sculptor and sets the features right. When it is quite dry and hard, the pebbles are shaken out of it, it is dyed black with charcoal, and the eyes and lips are sewed up with the fibre of the *chonta* palm. It is then stuck on a lance and danced over, shouted at, and struck, while the warrior tells the story of the battle in which he killed the original owner of the head. If the warrior has been lucky enough to capture the widows of the dead enemy and has taken them to himself, they sit through all this and cry. If the enemy had no wives, or the warrior was unable to catch them, the warrior appoints his own wives as proxies to wail on behalf of the enemy. The head is eventually forgotten and mislaid, or sold to traders.



IN Quito, I found that the best hotel was filled, so I went to the next best. The light switches in this hotel are outside of the guest rooms, in the corridor, a neat and clever invention, I thought; the guest turns the light on inside his room while he is still outside and walks into a bright apartment. The scheme has a drawback, however. The guest, having gone to bed, must get up and walk outside to turn the light off, then light an Ecuadorian match to find his way back to bed. I had just got back to my bed the first night when the light was turned on again from outside. The door opened slightly and a bellboy came in. He brought some towels, plenty of which I already had, and then came close to my bed. He pulled out a package from under his white jacket, undid a lot of white paper, and out of it brought a Panama hat. As he did so, he almost dropped a shrunken head, which he had put inside the hat. He wanted one hundred sucres for the head. I looked at it, and saw that it was sewed up the back. He left and came back with what looked like a real one. For that he wanted three hundred sucres; it was yellowish, agonized in expression, with short hair. I did not buy that one either.

In the rear of the hotel is a small shop dedicated to the sale of souvenirs. The next shrunken heads I saw were in this shop, a dozen of them hanging like a string of large beads. They all looked vaguely alike, as if they were related to each other, and the faces were happy, almost laughing. Also in the shop were some gourds decorated with landscapes, paintings of Indians and of volcanoes, several plaques with the profile of an Octavalo Indian, stuffed toucans, and souvenir postcards. I found that all the shrunken heads were sewed up in back. When the proprietor saw me turn away from them, he told me that he had real ones, too. In the back of his shop, out of the drawer of a desk, he took two real heads, both of them pale and with the miserable expression of the one the bellboy had shown me at bedtime. When I declined these, he said that he had a very rare real one, and after more scrambling among his properties, he brought out an excellent specimen, truly beautiful and wild-looking, with thick hair—the Indian face in per-

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Shade-matched for flattery

Your facial color scheme is young and lovely only when the tints blend gently . . . like living colors. Because the tints and textures of "Air-Spun" Powder and "Air-Spun" Rouge are actually blended by racing torrents of air, they take on new, subtle softness . . . new, living richness! "Sub-Deb" Lipstick in coordinated shades completes the trio—a trio that can give you, not only a new make-up, but a new complexion!

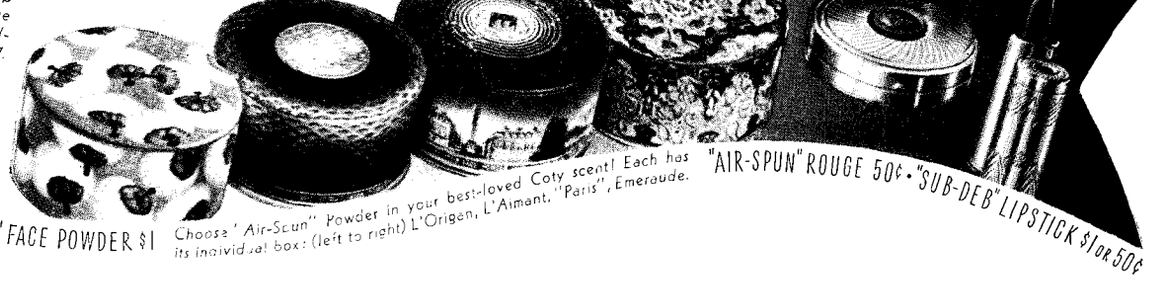
Coty

"Air-Spun" Make-up

	BRUNETTES	BLONDES
DARK MAKE-UP	Powder *Soleil D'or*	Powder *Rachel No. 2*
NEW SHADE SUGGESTIONS	Rouge . . . *Medium*	Rouge . . *Magnet Red*
	Lipstick . . *Medium*	Lipstick . *Magnet Red*
	Powder *Rachel No. 1*	Powder *Rachel Nacré*
LIGHT MAKE-UP	Rouge . . . *Dahlia*	Rouge . . . . . *Light*
	Lipstick . . . *Dahlia*	Lipstick . . . . . *Light*

New! —tinted make-up base . . . gives your skin the soft, mat finish of dewy velvet. Light, Medium, Dark $1

"SUB-TINT" $1 • "AIR-SPUN" FACE POWDER $1



Choose 'Air-Spun" Powder in your best-loved Coty scent! Each has its individual box: (left to right) L'Origen, L'Aimant, "Paris", Emeraude.

"AIR-SPUN" ROUGE 50¢ • "SUB-DEB" LIPSTICK $1 OR 50¢

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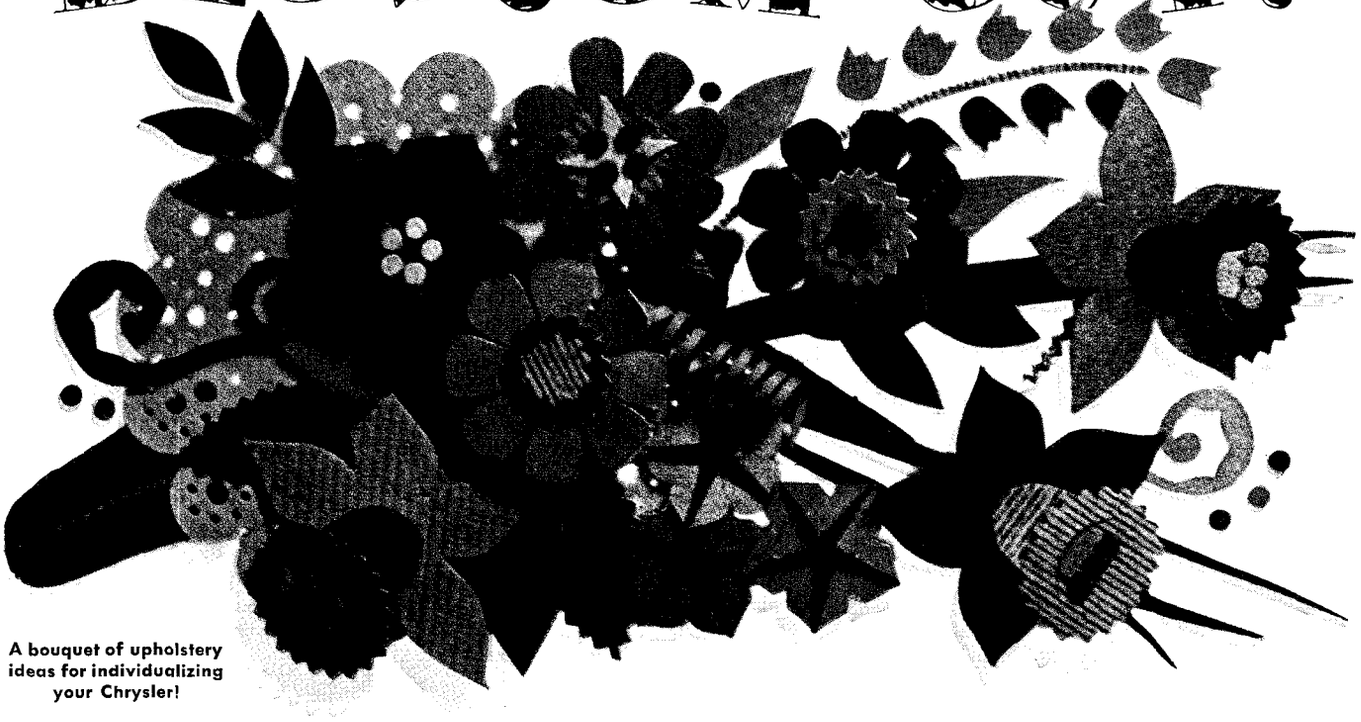
BLOSSOM OUT!



A bouquet of upholstery ideas for individualizing your Chrysler!

IN A CHRYSLER TAILORED to TASTE!

YOU know what you like . . . why not get it? Blossom out in a Chrysler, tailored to your taste! Your pride will expand . . . and your purse won't suffer! There's a perfectly amazing variety of selection in the regular price range.

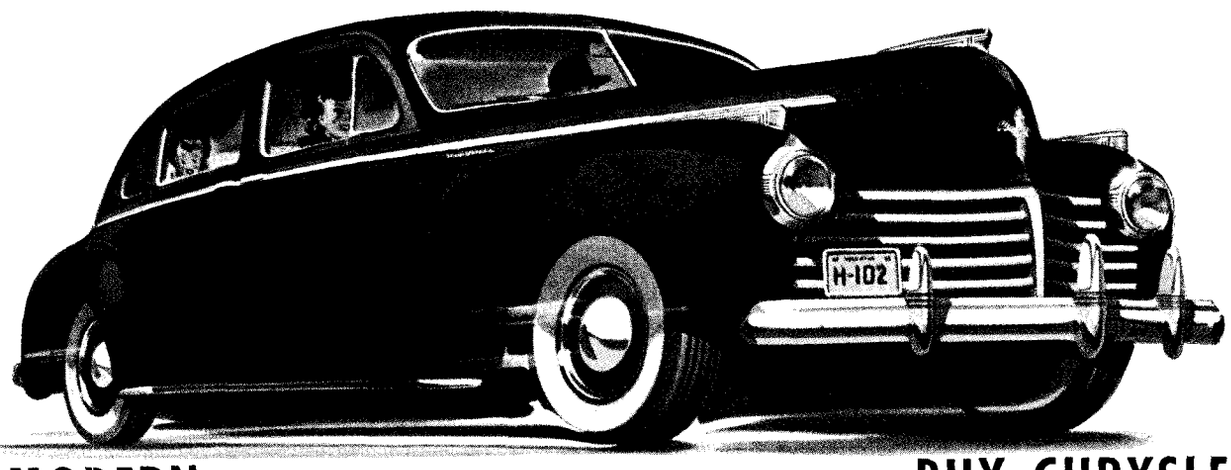
Upholstery in broadcloths . . . pile fabrics . . . Bedford cords and leathers! Gay colors . . . quiet colors . . . two-tone combinations . . . stripes . . . plaids . . . novelties! Plastic paneling and carpets to match! Your taste, from ceiling to floor!

WHY SHIFT GEARS?

Have you experienced the modern thrill of *Fluid Drive* with Vacamatic transmission? Why shift gears when *Fluid Driving* is so much smoother, easier, simpler? Learn the super-smoothness of a car that can't jerk or buck or clash. Feel the surge of Spitfire power delivered through oil, instead of rigid metal.

See the truly modern Chrysler! Experience the delights of *Fluid Drive* and Vacamatic transmission. Then ask yourself these questions: Why shift gears? Why make work of driving? And why not have a car that's tailored to your taste?

★Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P.M., Eastern Standard Time



BE MODERN *with Fluid Drive and Vacamatic Transmission* **BUY CHRYSLER!**

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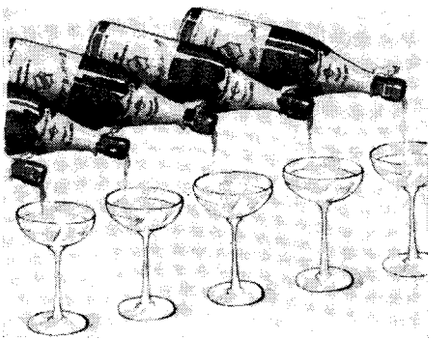
fect miniature. He asked five hundred sucres for it. I declined.

I MET the diplomat again after a few days, and he showed me his collection of genuine heads. He told me that he had found out where most of the fakes came from, had visited the manufacturer the day before, and would take me to see the plant if I would like. We got in his car, and on the way he told me that besides the fake heads that are sewed up the back, there is a kind of semi-fake made from human heads, usually infants', obtained with the connivance of attendants in morgues. "Where is it we are going?" I asked. "To see the maker of the ones that are sewed up the back," he said. "The other kind aren't made in quantity any more. They usually have an unhappy, agonized expression, and the tourists like the pretty fakes better."

We drove to an Indian village on the outskirts of Quito, left the car in an impassable alley, and walked to the end of it. There we found a small earthen house with a wall around it. The wall was covered with flowered vines and decorative grasses were growing against it, like hollyhocks. We went through a door in the wall and into a patio, and suddenly were in the midst of a large family. There was a bright-eyed little man who looked part Indian and part Spanish, dressed in a blue smock and holding a paint brush in his hand; a motherly, brown-skinned woman with a serene expression on her face; and ten children, including a baby strapped to the back of a girl of about five. Except for the baby, they all seemed to be working, but as we came into the patio they stopped what they were doing and looked up, and the head of the house came over and bowed to the diplomat and smiled cordially at me. Behind him I could see a shelf which stretched from one end of the patio to the other. On the shelf were rows of unfinished plaques, which I recognized as the kind that were sold in the shop in the back of the hotel in Quito. On each plaque, pressed out of plaster, was the profile of an Octavalo Indian playing the pipes of Pan. The head of the house told us that he and his family were engaged in a piece of work that could not be interrupted at the moment, but that if we would sit down, he would soon be at our service. The manufacture of the plaques was geared almost to North American tempo. The little man turned away, sharpened the end of his brush by twisting it between his lips, and started running up and down the length of the shelf. Running one way, he put eyebrows on all the Indian profiles. He ran back, and all the Indians had an eye. His wife, more phlegmatic, wandered along the line putting carmine on the cheeks. The children were busy with other things: one was mixing paints, another was sawing coconuts carefully into slices, a third was removing the white meat from the rings thus obtained, and a fourth was fitting the coconut rings as frames around some already finished plaques. A little girl was tying ribbons on them to hang them up by, and a couple of other children were wrapping them in newspaper.

In a few minutes the batch of plaques the mother and father were painting was finished, and the little man came over to us and smiled and offered us some pisco. "I'm sorry my oldest are not here," he said. "My sons, Alfonso and Arquimedes, are out hunting." The diplomat said nice things to the baby, and then asked the busy man to show us how he made shrunken heads. The craftsman was reluctant and coy for a while and had another drink, but eventually he agreed and took us to his inner sanctum, an atelier which gave further proof of the order and efficiency of this Latin-American artisan. There was another shelf, and on it a dozen or so shrunken heads. He showed us three clay figures which wore the content and smiling expression of the heads that hung in the window of the hotel booth. He said he usually used goatskin for the shrunken heads, and he showed us how he modelled pieces of goatskin over the clay figures. He left the hair of the goatskin on the part which was to be the top of the head and shaved the part that was to be the face; two little bars of hair were also left over the eyes. These he trimmed with manicure scissors, and they formed the eyebrows. I discovered that one could detect these fakes immediately, because the hair on both eyebrows runs in the same direction, and not away from the nose as on real faces. He said that he makes about ten heads out of one goatskin. First he marks the skin with chalk, the way a tailor marks cloth. The mouth and the eyes he cuts out with a safety-razor blade and then models the nose and ears by pinching. Madame, or the oldest daughter, Carmencita, then sews up the heads with *chonta* fibre. The whole thing is then dyed black. The heads are sold in Quito and in other places for a hundred sucres, of which he gets fifty. The Indian profiles bring twenty-five sucres, the landscapes of Quito, of Octavalo, of Pichincha, and Chimborazo, anywhere



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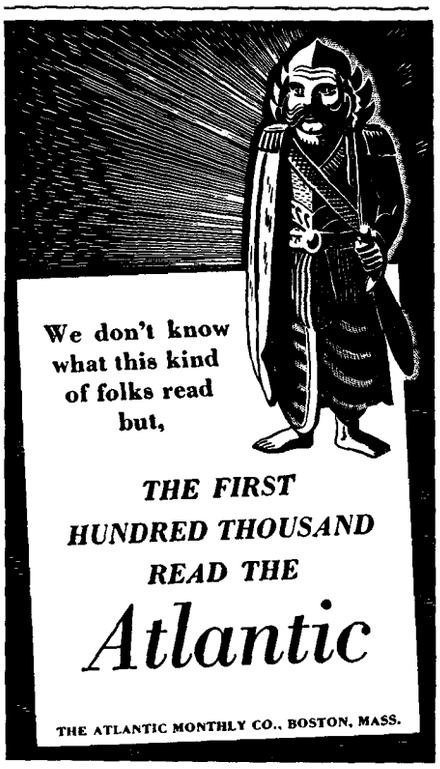
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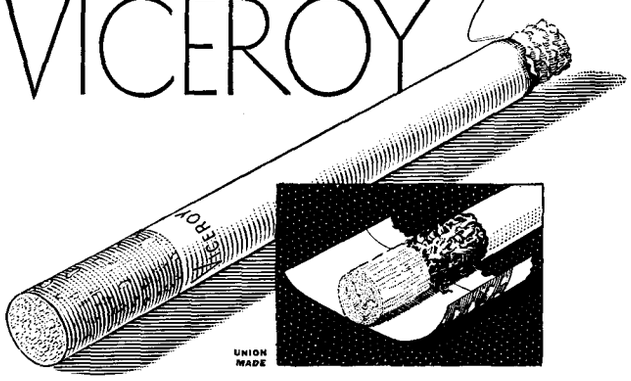

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TWO CREEK RANCH

Jack Doorty Box 19 Ovando, Montana

from fifty to one hundred. We bought some landscapes; they were not without charm—flat primitives reminiscent in their coloration of the walls of Italian restaurants, with much blue and white in them.

He was pleased at making the sale and offered us more pisco, drinking out of the bottle himself because there was only one glass. He grew expansive and confidential and said that he had been able lately to cut down somewhat the expense of making these heads by a surprising discovery. He now used the pelt of an animal that was less expensive than a goat, a pelt out of which he also got ten heads, and with hair much softer than the goat's, almost human. He reached into a barrel and brought out a black fur. He said it was from a very rare, almost unknown animal and that he obtained the skin directly from the Indians of the upper Amazonas. He let me feel it.

WE prepared to leave. As we said goodbye, two young men came into the patio. They were panting—evidently they had just finished the steep climb from Quito—and one had a sack slung over his shoulder. "Ah, my oldest are here," said the little man. "Come here, Alfonso, and you, Arquimedes." He introduced them. The one who was carrying the sack put it down and a dead dog rolled out of it, one of the mongrels with long, soft hair that one sees running with the Indians through the streets of Quito. I looked at the father, who was pleasantly drunk by this time. He laughed and put his hands on the shoulders of his two sons. They laughed, and we did, too, and then we all said goodbye again. —LUDWIG BEMELMANS

•

The book "Trelawny," by Margaret Armstrong, will be reviewed Friday evening at 8 o'clock at the First Methodist Church, Bryden Road at 18th Street, by the minister, Rev. F. Bringle McIntosh.

Rev. McIntosh will present the review in Arabian costume and in the first person.
—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

That's the trouble with our man Fadiman—no turban.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Times Magazine*]

Many jokes have been cooked up about the rules of dress and foxhunt conduct, but to the true foxhunter in the English tradition foxhunting is far more than a mere sport. In essence, it is akin to poetry and music, an attempt to catch the intuitive moment, an inquiry into the high ideals governing man's relationship to man and to the land from which he springs.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 6 (BY CABLE)

THIS Sunday morning's news of Germany's aggression against Yugoslavia and Greece was the climax of a fortnight so bewildering that Britons have hardly known from one moment to another what emotions they were going to be called upon to register next. As the dazzlingly good news of a week or two ago from Yugoslavia, East Africa, and the Mediterranean was followed by an English attempt to overhaul a French convoy, the British withdrawal from Benghazi, and the mounting tension everywhere, the papers became just about as comfortable as a bomb lying on the breakfast table. It all culminated for most people at nine o'clock this morning, which is the belated hour when the B.B.C. news bulletin is given out on Sundays in deference to Sabbatical late sleeping. After taking in the announcement's main features, one might just as well have switched the radio off without troubling to wait for the familiar Nazi details—the notes to ministers telling them in polite diplomatic language that undiplomatic violence had already started, the early-dawn move against frontier troops, the statement that the step was necessary to counteract Machiavellian British schemings in the attacked countries.

For the past fortnight, Londoners have been listening to the unnatural silence at nights and wondering what was brewing. Now that they know, sympathy for the plain people of Greece, who must be in for a time that will tax even their remarkable courage, seems to be the predominating emotion. Anxiety as to where Turkey stands is probably the secondary one. The bare facts of the Russian agreement with Yugoslavia, which are all that are known at the moment, were also thoughtfully discussed over this morning's chilling coffee cups. Although Parliament decided only a few days back that the British Sabbath must be kept as a day of unbroken mental rest and refreshment, there was little of either for anyone today. What with discussions, arguments over strategy demonstrated on newly bought maps, and glances at the clock to see if it wasn't time for the next news bulletin, it felt too much like one of Hitler's old-fashioned Sundays.

THE withdrawal from Benghazi was the powder coming at the end of a week of almost pure jam. Until that reversal, the news had been so good that the press forgot to warn the public against the intoxicating effects of victory and gave itself up to downright jubilation. Probably the Belgrade *coup d'état* caused the greatest excitement, because to the uninformed observer it was so entirely unexpected. The possibility that something might come of the last-minute broadcast in which Colonel Amery, Secretary of State for India, appealed to the Yugoslav people, first in Serbian and then in Croatian, to stand against the Nazis had been regarded with polite skepticism here, coupled with admiration for the speaker's thoroughly un-English lingual dexterity. Mr. Churchill's brief and dramatic announcement subsequently of "the great news" of Yugoslavia's decision was therefore electrifying. There was general satisfaction over the fortunate bit of timing by which Matsuoka's Berlin stopover coincided with the Serbian revolt and his arrival in Rome with the crushing Italian defeat in *Mare Nostrum*. The fact that the visitor made all his compliments in English also tickled the British, who last week were ready to be tickled by anything.

Unhappily, there was less amusement over Mr. Matsuoka's return call at Berlin on his way to Moscow, for by that time Benghazi had been evacuated, a shock to public opinion which the *Times* described only as "disagreeable." This restrained adjective hardly summed up the universal disappointment and the angry feeling that someone must have been caught napping somewhere. The most hopeful interpretation was that Wavell had withdrawn before and had turned out to be right, and that there's probably a perfectly sound reason for doing it now. The less hopeful interpretation was that the reason is probably sound and formidable enough to make some more travelling in the same direction necessary for the Imperial forces—a bitter variation in the last three months' unvarying program of successes. With the Vichy situation already strained, the gloomy fear here was that certain other parties, stiffened by recent events, might settle down finally and fatally on the side of a German intervention in North Africa.

In spite of all these anxieties, man-in-the-street confidence in Wavell and his staff is pretty solid. In the flush of last week's excitements there was even talk of expressing the national gratitude in some tangible form when the thanks

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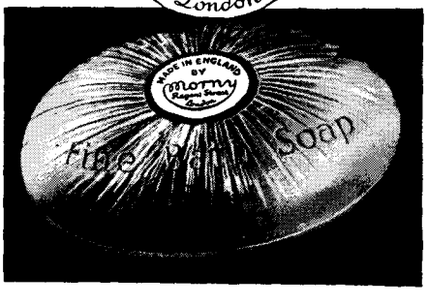

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"So yesterday we Hung the Mayor!"

1. I was a portrait painter . . . with no portraits to paint. One day I learned that the mayor was in the market to get himself slapped on canvas. I hurried down to City Hall, but the mayor couldn't see me until evening. I decided to wait.

2. About 6 o'clock, a waiter lugged a tray of dinner into the mayor's office. A terrific howl went up. "Take it away!" bellowed His Honor, and the waiter came running out, looking scared to death and clutching a coffee pot.

3. "The mayor never touches coffee!" yelped His Honor's secretary. "He wouldn't sleep a wink!" That was my cue. "He should try Sanka Coffee!" I said. "Whoever said that," shouted the mayor, "come in here!"

4. "What is Sanka Coffee?" the mayor demanded, as I came in. "Why should I try it?" "Because, Mr. Mayor," said I, "it's delicious . . . and it's 97% caffein-free, so it *can't* keep you awake!" "Who says so?" he grunted.

5. So I told him: "The Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: 'Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden.'" He was impressed. "I'll try it!" he said.

6. Next day he phoned me. "You are appointed official portrait painter of this city!" he said. "I drank two cups of Sanka Coffee and never slept better! A lot of officials need their portraits painted . . . but begin with *me*!"

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TUNE IN . . . "WE, THE PEOPLE"—Tuesday evening. See your paper for time and station.

of Parliament are expressed to him and to Admiral Cunningham, as they are to be at an early date. This was done after the Peninsular victories of Sir Arthur Wellesley, who became the Duke of Wellington and was voted the sum of £500,000 to keep the strawberry leaves on his coronet gilded. Someone has figured out that this represented a twentieth of the Army expenditures for that year and that a gift based on the same ratio today would be frightening. It's likely that the nation's thanks will be heartfelt but unaccompanied by trimmings, especially on the eve of a budget which is certain to have the effect of a knockout for all classes.

THE brush with Vichy, probably the first of many, caused a good deal of bitter comment. The whole question of the blockade is a touchy one to the British, who feel that Americans view it simply as a somewhat despicable means of starving people. Such a view has a way of irking a nation which has always been ready at the drop of a hat to pour out its money in support of suffering peoples, aged cabhorses, and every humanitarian platform under the sun. Unfortunately, even the most sentimental Britons can't forget the fact that of the 500,000 tons of cargo landed at Marseilles in December and January, from fifty to eighty per cent, including quantities of oil, rubber, and aluminum, went to the Axis countries. It's hoped that the disclosure of the deal in wheat between Vichy and Germany, just after the British had navicerted two gift cargoes of flour from the American Red Cross to unoccupied France, will help to stiffen American public opinion, which is now watched more anxiously than ever before.

Although the figures of shipping losses showed a comforting drop last week, all thinking people expect the food situation here to change from one of moderate plenty to one of serious shortage before long if some new convoy system is not evolved. Anyone who could win the Battle of the Atlantic for the British would get more than a dukedom.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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If you know that the firm Fox & Jones is made up of two women, you might address one of them, "Dear Mrs. Jones." If you do not wish to do this, use the conventional "Gentlemen:" which is really equivalent to "How do you do" in meaning at the beginning of a business letter.

—*The Post.*

If the women are *old*, just say, "Respected Sirs."

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TABLES FOR TWO

The Gamut, or Thereabouts

ALMOST as certain a sign of spring as daylight-saving time and the Brooklyn Dodgers' prophecy that this season they will *surely* win a pennant is the appearance of a floor show at El Morocco, where, during the winter months, the customers are content merely to sit back and gaze with varying degrees of admiration and astonishment at each other. Some of the patrons there become so accustomed to regarding themselves as the show that when offered professional entertainment, they neglect to look at it at all, unless they happen to be turning around to signal the waiter. This spring's show is worth looking at, though it isn't the sort of spectacle you'll find yourself talking excitedly about on the way home. It includes Carla and Fernando, a flamenco dance team (what respectable place isn't going in for a flamenco turn or two these days?), and Reva Reyes, a singer, all of whom are comparative novices in local night-club circles. As dancers go, Carla and Fernando are pleasant enough to watch, even if they have yet to develop any strikingly original routines. Miss Reyes, a tiny girl who sings in several languages and accompanies herself from time to time on a guitar almost as big as herself, has to detach the microphone from its supporting upright to bring it down to her level, but once they get together they do quite nicely.

Anybody who has ever seen Paul Draper dance does not need to be told he is worth looking at, no matter what the season. Anybody who hasn't ever seen him dance can make amends now, since Mr. Draper, along with Sheila Barrett, has returned to the Versailles, perhaps the ideal setting for a single performer's act. If Draper's act seems to run longer than some others around town, blame the audience; it just won't let him sit down. He doesn't appear to mind this treatment, having an apparently unlimited capacity for dancing. I found his rendition of "Malaguena" especially to my taste, and I think you'll be pleased, as I was, if there's sufficient applause to induce him to hold a tap jam session with his accompanist, dancing to whatever tunes you request.

THE Diamond Horseshoe is not getting any more tranquil as Billy Rose marches on. I am constantly amazed at the way the patrons seem to thrive on the hustle and bustle; watching their radiant faces, I become almost ashamed to find that I haven't the stamina necessary to make Mr. Rose's gaudy little playroom my second home. Sometimes I grow weaker and weaker during one of the Horseshoe's extravagant performances and come out feeling much as I do after a long and trying session with my dentist. In the current show, Mr. Rose deals, as is his wont, with nostalgia, a field in which he is unrivalled. There is a vague theme having to do with the early days of motion pictures, and this serves as an excuse to introduce such old-timers as Carlyle Blackwell, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, Mae Murray, Lila Lee, and a few other hardy folk who managed to survive that era and seem to have borne up well under the years. On the night of my visit something appeared to be wrong with the amplifying system, with the result that Miss Lee, whose task it is to introduce her colleagues, sounded as if she had a couple of reels of "The Birth of a Nation" tucked away in her mouth, but I suppose that trouble has been smoothed out by now. Mr. Rose, by the way, has lost none of his talent for accumulating beautiful show girls, who, I trust, will look just as lovely when Mr. Rose signs them for a return engagement twenty-five years from now.

IT may surprise you (I know it did *me*) to learn that one of the best shows in town is to be found at Kelly's Stable, a relatively undistinguished cranny on West Fifty-second Street. The accent there is on swing, and the leading performer is Maxine Sullivan, who may have chosen the surroundings simply because she is partial to places where the lighting is negligible and the music good. If you drop in to hear her, I'd advise you to find a stall fairly close to the bandstand, for there is no letup in the habitual Kelly din, even in deference to Miss Sullivan's muted voice, which on busy nights is apt to be drowned out by the swishing of the sawdust on the floor. Frank Newton's band is there now, too, as well as the Clarence Profit Trio, an excellent group. All in all, quite a stable.

It's always a safe guess that, no matter when, you'll find superior swing music at Café Society Uptown, Café Society Downtown, or both. The entertainers

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who play regularly at these places skip back and forth a good deal from week to week on their limited circuit, and it's often a matter of sheer luck whether your favorite boogie-woogie artist, if you have one, is working north or south. At the moment, the uptown café, in addition to its usual amount of boogie-woogie and other acts, has John Kirby's small but extremely gifted orchestra. I hope it will remain there, or at least not get further out of reach than the downtown branch, where, right now, is Red Allen's band, which is louder than Kirby's, as it specializes in uninhibited brass effects.

MILDRED BAILEY is justifiably well thought of as a rhythmic singer, and the customers at Le Ruban Bleu these past few weeks have been reacting in a properly appreciative way to such old favorites of hers as "Rockin' Chair" and "Georgia on My Mind." She's assisted in presenting these by the Delta Rhythm Boys, who live up to their name by being rhythmic too. . . . Billie Haywood and Cliff Allen are back at Spivy's Roof, trafficking merrily in their syncopated patter. They have a couple of new numbers in which Miss Haywood assumes the rôles of Cleopatra and Helen of Troy while Mr. Allen contrapuntally asserts his incredulity from his perch at the piano. —CHECK

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DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION AND AMPLIFICATION

108 EAST 82ND STREET
APRIL 4, 1941

The New Yorker Magazine,
DEAR SIRS:

YOUR note in the Mar 15 issue about the joys of the measles was read to me this morning by my trained nurse. I must say I find it hard to agree with you.

In the first place MY cough medicine is not the pleasantest of bevereges, in the second place a darkend room is not the cheerfullest place in the world. In the third place this should be my spring vacation; I should at this moment be occupying seats six-eight and ten on the train South, with my family.

Instead of which here I lie thinking that the Belgium Congo would be a much pleasanter place to be and thinking that if you are so fond of measles you are welcome to mine.

Yours truly,
CHRIS PUTNAM (Age 12)

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ATHEIST HIT BY TRUCK

THIS drunk came down the "L" stairs, and at the bottom he made a wrong turn. This led him into the gutter instead of onto the sidewalk, and a truck hit him and knocked him down.

It is a busy corner there at Forty-second Street and Second Avenue, in front of the Shanty, and there's a hack line there. Naturally, a little crowd and a cop gathered around the drunk and some hackies were in the crowd.

The cop was fairly young. After he hauled the guy up and sat him on the bottom step of the "L" stairs, he saw there wasn't much wrong with him. His pants were torn and maybe his knee was twisted slightly—maybe cut.

The cop got out his notebook and began asking questions and writing the answers down. Between questions he had to prop the man up. Fellow gave his name—Wilson, Martin, some noncommittal name—and his address. Everybody around was interested in these facts.

The blind man in the newspaper hut under the stairs felt a little put out because nobody was telling him what was going on, and he could hear beguiling fragments of it. "What happen? What happen?" the blind man kept asking, but the event wasn't deemed sensational enough for anybody to run and tell him, at least until afterward.

"What religion are yuh?" the policeman asked the man, who propped himself up this time and blurted out, "Atheist! I'm an atheist!"

For some reason, a lot of people laughed.

"Jeez, he's an atheist!" one of the hackies said. He shouted to a comrade who was still sitting behind the wheel of a parked cab at the corner, "Feller says he's an atheist!"

"Wuddaya laughing at?" the cop asked, addressing himself to the crowd generally. "Says he's an atheist, so he's an atheist. Wuddaya laughing at?" He wrote something in the book.

Another policeman, from over by Whelan's drugstore, where there was a picket line, strolled up. He was an older cop, more lines in his face, bigger belly, less humps around his hips, because the equipment—twisters, mace, and all that stuff—fitted on him better after all these years. "Wuzzamadder with 'im?" he asked his colleague.

"This here truck hit him. He isn't hurt bad. Says he's an atheist."

"I *am* an atheist!" the man yelled.

The crowd laughed again.

"Did you put that down—atheist?" the older cop asked.

"Yuh, I put it in where it says 'religion.'"

"Rubbid out. Rubbid out. Put in Cat'lic. He looks like a Cat'lic to me. He got an Irish name? Anyway, rubbid out. When he sobers up, he'll be sorry he said that atheist business. Put in Cat'lic. We gotta send him to Bellevue just for safety's sake." The young cop started for the drugstore to put in a call.

"Never mind safety's sake. I'm an atheist, I'm telling you," the drunk said, loud as he could.

"Cuddid out, cuddid out," the older cop said. Then he leaned over like a lecturer or somebody. "An' another thing—if you wouldn't go round sayin' you're an atheist, maybe you wouldn't be gettin' hit by trucks."

The crowd sensed a great moral lesson and didn't laugh.

"Jeez! The guy says he's an atheist," the hackie said again.

A little later the Bellevue ambulance came.

"I yam a natheist," the man kept muttering as they put him into the ambulance. —JOHN MCNULTY

•

ANENT THIS ISSUE: Due to unforeseen circumstances and conditions, it was necessary to delay publication of the January number until a date considerably beyond that which had been scheduled. Actually it was not until after the end of January that the January issue hit the presses. This situation was in no way the fault of the printer who has given every cooperation with this as well as with previous issues of the publication.

Due to the lateness of the January issue which seemed apparent some time ago, it was first thought that the two issues—January and February—would be combined into one. But this idea was given up because of the previous omission of the December number.—*Moving Merchandise, with which is incorporated Modern Advertising.*

You're too conscientious.

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Reno State Journal*]

Miss Berenice A. T—— became the bride of Mr. Herbert H—— at an imperative ceremony held last week in St. Lawrence Church.

"This ALLIGATOR Raincoat sure keeps your clothes in good shape!"

Alligator's water repellent GOLD LABEL, America's "Number One" all-purpose coat, $28.50. Surain, $19.50 —Weatherstyle, $23.50

YOU'RE really "well dressed" when you wear Alligator, style pace setter for all rainwear. Distinguished, fine garment tailoring and authentic styling assure lasting good looks. Exclusive Alligator waterproof and water repellent processing assure lasting protection. Look for the Alligator label . . . "The best name in rainwear!" The Alligator Company, St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

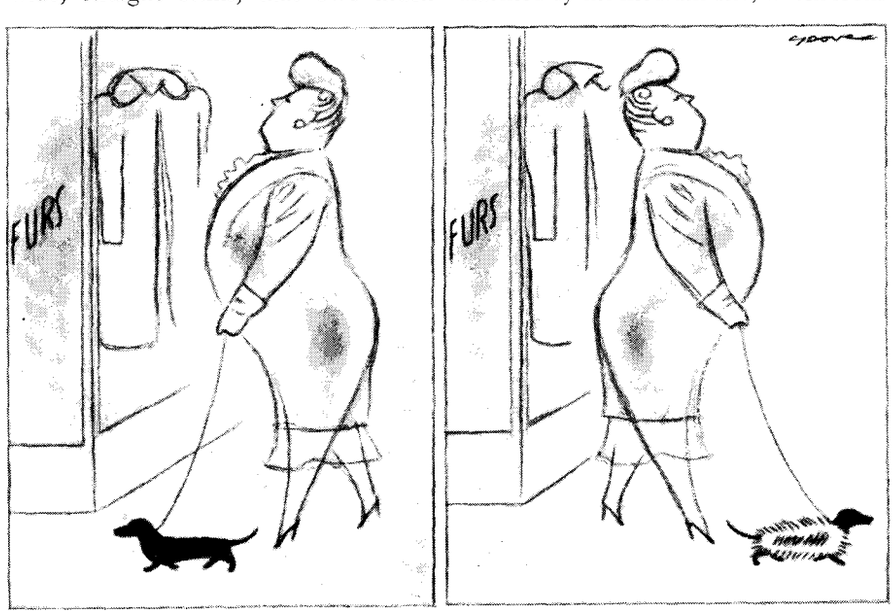
FEMININE FOIBLES

ASSUMING you have acquired that good suit and that basic dress as the backbone of your spring attire, it is time to prod you gently with the reminder of the classic—and now so dated—couplet which states that the world is full of a number of things and adds that, sure, we should all be as happy as kings. I'd hardly want to speak for the world at this moment, but at least the rhyme still goes at Macy's Little Shop, which, though not concerned with the moods of royalty, is fuller than ever of things to make women happy—accessories so enchanting that they appeal alike to those who love gadgets for their own sake and to those who rely on such items to vary the monotony of a simple and essentially practical wardrobe.

To start with nonsense, beautiful enamelled butterfly pins for lapel or neckline appear in soft, blurred pastel colors. Then there are quantities of wooden buttons painted in all sorts of patterns. Vast shell designs are worked out on button clips for suits or tailored dresses; hunky buttons to make your most matter-of-fact costume prankish include round ones with starfish in contrasting colors sprawled across their tops and huge snail curlicues in two-color combinations, such as red-brown and pale blue or turquoise and pink. Then, among the blouses, there are quantities of the frothy, peekaboo variety that has swept back into fashion and other, more interesting ones—some of finely tucked linen with openwork embroidery around their yokes, others made of piqué or a soft-crash kind of stuff in natural color or white and having metal buttons. (These blouses are around $10, and they could double as jackets in hot weather.) Hand-knit sweaters, in all sorts of colors and starting at $17.39, button up to a casual, open-at-the-throat collar and are trimmed with loop fringe, which sometimes makes horizontal bands around the body and sometimes merely outlines the collar. To go with them, the Little Shop has great, flat, squashy oblong handbags with a zippered opening at the top. For tailored clothes, the most de-luxe handbags are of alligator in various colors, trimmed with huge, square, gold-metal nailheads. The so-called small bags have room for incredible quantities of mail, keys, and other clutter; the large ones could stow away overnight gear as well. Macy responds to the demand for gloves to go with just-below-the-elbow sleeves by providing long gauntlets of hand-whipped suède that are topped by a tailored cuff. You may have these gloves in any of six colors, but, as is the case with most gloves here, you may order them in any other color you can think of. If you like your gloves short, ask to see the brain wave Schiaparelli designed for the shop—a suède affair with one initial outlined on the back of the hand in stitching and emphasized faintly with padding.

In more complicated matters, too, Macy's Little Shop moves along serenely. All over town these days you are shown sheer black daytime-length dresses designed for summer dining and movie-going. Even some of the most expensive of them look merely sleazy, but not Macy's little black sheer with short sleeves and fine black lace making a demure yoke and collar as well as a wide, fluttering band that outlines a gathered apron in front. It costs $27.75, and you couldn't find anything more charming, unless you are very young indeed, in which case you may prefer the shop's black taffeta dress with a flamboyant swing skirt and a snug bodice that has a bow at the base of its V neck. Finally, among the beautiful hats to be found on the premises are some big sailors, with flat crowns and wide, straight brims, that owe much of their chic to good color combinations. One of a pale blue-green straw, for instance, has cocoa felt bows around its crown to match the facing of its brim. This is $17.39.

VANITY, VANITY, ALL IS, ETC.: At 48 East 52nd Street (Plaza 3-2326), a little pink-and-blue bandbox of a salon houses numerous short cuts to your spring rejuvenation. The name is Mona Manet, and there, connoisseurs will delight to learn, is Josef, formerly hairdresser at Rubinstein and a prime favorite with women who like their haircutting and their coiffures exquisite. He is expert and has ideas of his own. He prefers, for example, the old-fashioned spiral winding for permanents on baby-fine hair, the kind that reverts to dangling straight ends with such annoying ease. He says his work lasts longer on hair of this sort, and my guinea pig reports that he seems to be right. Mona Manet has created a fine lipstick and cleansing cream. With your first hairdressing there you'll be given a free makeup so that you can see for yourself how you like her products. . . . I think that in Mr. Coty's Sub-Tint I've found a just about perfect foundation for makeup. This is an unusually soft cream which smooths with exceptional ease over your face and neck, and it definitely gives your skin a more luminous look; it doesn't ooze, and the powder clings without caking if you take just a little care around such critical points as the nostrils. The cream comes in three shades, and don't be alarmed by the medium one, which looks



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Infinite variety in Canada's Rockies— with luxury close at hand!

PLEASURE APLENTY is the keynote of hospitable Jasper Park Lodge (above). You can ride Alpine trails of breathless beauty (upper left), play golf on rolling fairways of one of the world's outstanding courses, ski in warm summer sunshine, hike over early fur traders' paths, or snap closeups of playful bears and graceful deer.

JASPER
NATIONAL PARK
SHOWPLACE OF THE CONTINENT

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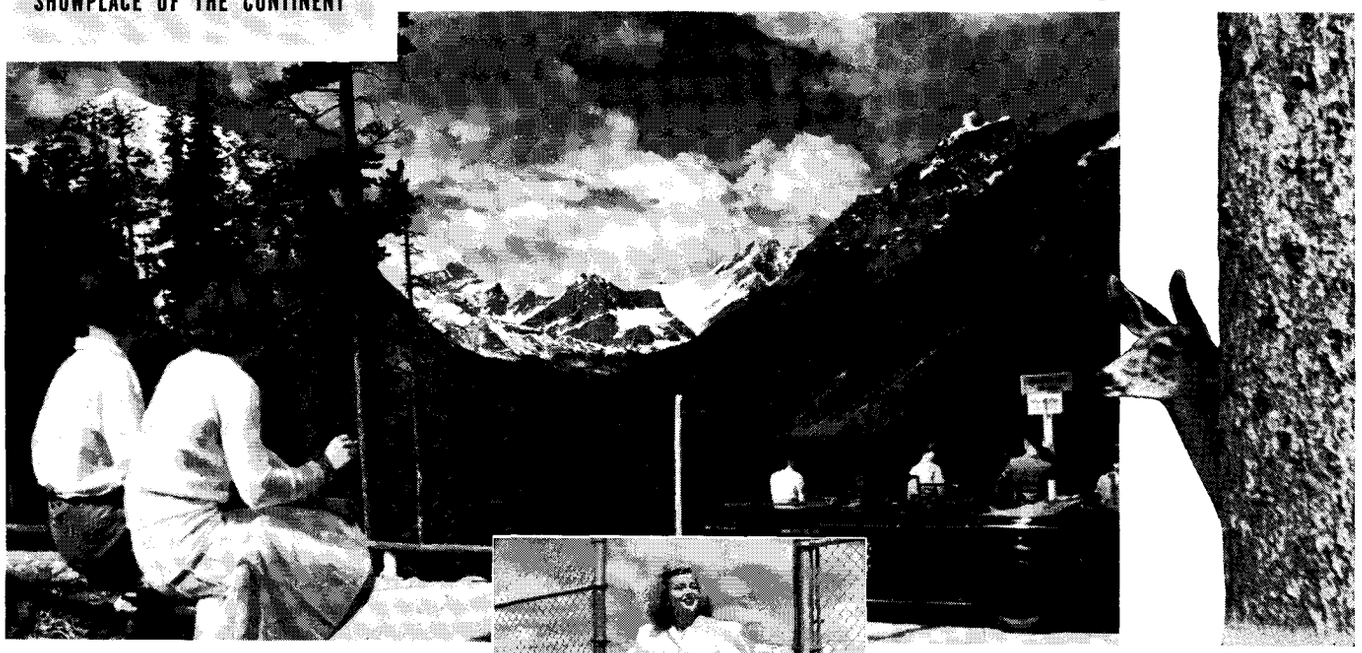
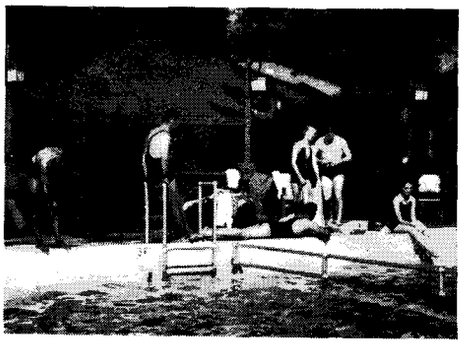


VISTAS OF GLITTERING PEAKS greet you at Jasper, biggest national park on the continent. Motor on Mt. Edith Cavell Drive (above) to Angel Glacier. Take the incomparable Columbia Icefield Drive to Nature's greatest Alpine show. See mountains of living ice where three rivers are born. Then if you wish on to BANFF and LAKE LOUISE. Don't forget your camera!

INFORMAL HOSPITALITY at Jasper lets you be yourself. You can play tennis (left), swim in a heated outdoor pool (below), fish in rushing trout streams (lower left) or just loaf amid brilliant flowers at Canadian National's luxurious Jasper Park Lodge. Live in a delightful chalet, rates from $8 a day, delicious meals included. Here you'll relax as never before!



The man in the 10-gallon hat will greet you at Jasper Station.

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Kansas City..414 Fairfax Bldg.
Los Angeles..607 S. Grand Ave.
Minneapolis.711 Marquette Ave.
New York.....673 Fifth Ave.
Philadelphia.1500 Chestnut St.
Pittsburgh....355 Fifth Ave.
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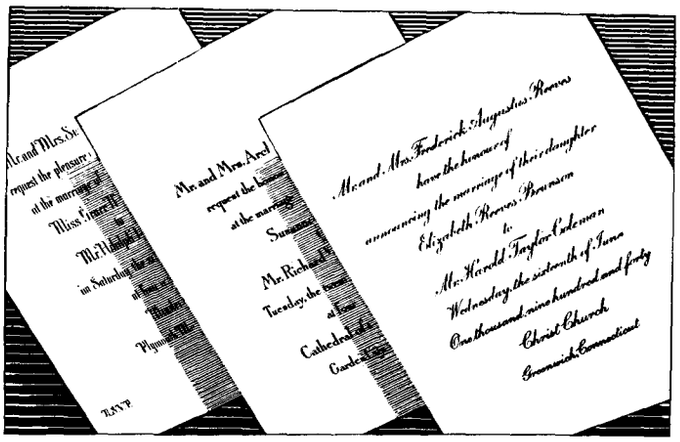

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IVORY TIPS PROTECT THE LIPS

Also Plain Ends and Beauty Tips (red)

MARLBORO America's Luxury Cigarette

like sun tan in the jar but turns out to be medium, all right, when it gets on your skin. . . . In tune with the sentimental lilt of spring, Mary Chess has brought out a violet-scented perfume. A small bottle in the shape of a castle costs $3.75, the scent is authentic, and violet-lovers call it divine. . . . Lenthéric's Confetti Bouquet has a vernal spirit, too, being nice and flowery without being too sweet and having a fine smell suggesting green things besides. . . . There is a new cologne called Pepper-Upper, which is sharp and challenging, whether scented with pine or garden bouquet. It comes in a swell glazed pottery jug that you will want to keep forever, and costs $1.95 and $2.95 at Bonwit Teller. . . . For last-minute Easter remembrances, Charbert can always be counted on to produce something sweet-scented, inexpensive, and charming; this year it is a vial of one or another of the Charbert perfumes hidden in a tiny container shaped like a watering pot; $1.50. . . . Peggy Sage, not to be outdone, offers her manicure tools and her two new shades of polish in a miniature flowered and scented hatbox and throws in a spray of flowers for your lapel; $3.

—L. L.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

It's Their Turn Now

ALTHOUGH department stores have been madly heralding the spring with displays of flowered chintzes ever since the middle of February, our elaborate decorating shops, which live in a little world all their own and will have no truck with such rush-the-season tactics, are only now getting around to announcing that their new fabrics are in and ready to be looked at. It may be hard on those good housewives who drove themselves relentlessly into mid-winter decisions about this summer's curtains and placed their orders long ago, but these late collections look pretty good to me. Most of them include manufacturers' patterns which weren't available earlier in the year, as well as those designs that are made up specially for just one shop.

There's still plenty of interest in curtain cottons with wallpapers to match —an idea which, despite its somewhat limited appeal, has gathered enough of a following to make decorators reluctant to let it go—and Margaret Owen, at 515 Madison (entrance on 53rd), who was dispensing such fabrics and papers long before most people started thinking about them, remains a leader in the field. Joseph B. Platt joins her list of de-

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signers this year, contributing a sort of doubleheader pattern, called Lily Pinks, for percale and wallpaper. Pinks occur on a pale French-blue sidewall paper ($5 a roll); lilies, and more pinks, on a second blue paper meant to be used in panels in the same room—between a pair of windows, say, or over a fireplace. The percales, at $7 a yard, have the identical patterns: lilies and pinks on one, pinks alone on the other, and either may be used in a room done with one or both papers. The peerless Paule Marrot's April (a design of pink roses, yellow butterflies, white daisies, and blue dragonflies strewn about in the airy, seemingly haphazard Marrot way) has been printed upon an especially soft, billowy white voile at $7 a yard, and is repeated in $5-a-roll wallpaper that couldn't be prettier for a country-house bedroom. There is also a winding flower-spray design, delicate as old-fashioned painting on china, done on paper and percale and, to order, on taffeta as well, and one of bunches of purple violets regularly spaced on glossy white wallpaper and white glazed chintz. These new things stand up handsomely against the formidable competition of designs from Miss Owen's past collections, which are repeated year after year, because people understandably can't get enough of them.

At Diament, 34 East 53rd Street, they've added a dozen-odd new, unglazed cottons to their collection of decorating fabrics matched to French provincial papers reproducing authentic old designs, the kind decorators call "documented." These are thirty-six-inch fabrics, averaging around $2.25 a yard, and I don't know where you can find anything better for cottagey rooms, whether you use the cottons with their related wallpapers or alone. Some of

Matched spring make-up...

DOROTHY GRAY PORTRAIT MAKE-UP SET

● Three exquisite Dorothy Gray preparations—to key your make-up for spring! Portrait Make-up Set contains Dorothy Gray lipstick, full size...matching cake of rouge ...related shade of Portrait Face Powder. Choice of important Dorothy Gray make-up shades, including new rosy-pink *Nosegay* for flowery hats, spring prints... brilliant red *Brass Band* for navy, beige, white. *Portrait Make-up Set* in flowery pink-and-blue package —value, $2. Complete, only $1.

$2 value complete $1

TO HOLD YOUR HEAD HIGH

THROAT AND CONTOUR TREATMENT at the Dorothy Gray Salon, for a prettier throat, to go with your Gibson Girl hats. Skilful moulding by experts, rich lubrication to help smooth crêpey skin...a bracing astringent masque...face treatment, make-up—and away you go, looking your loveliest! One hour, $5. Course of 6, $22.50. Throat Treatment phonograph records for home use, with jar of Throat Cream, $3. DOROTHY GRAY SALON, 683 Fifth Avenue. WIck. 2-6109.

THESE AND *MANY OTHER* EXQUISITE DOROTHY GRAY PREPARATIONS AT SMART DEPARTMENT AND DRUG STORES

DOROTHY GRAY

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American design of Beauty

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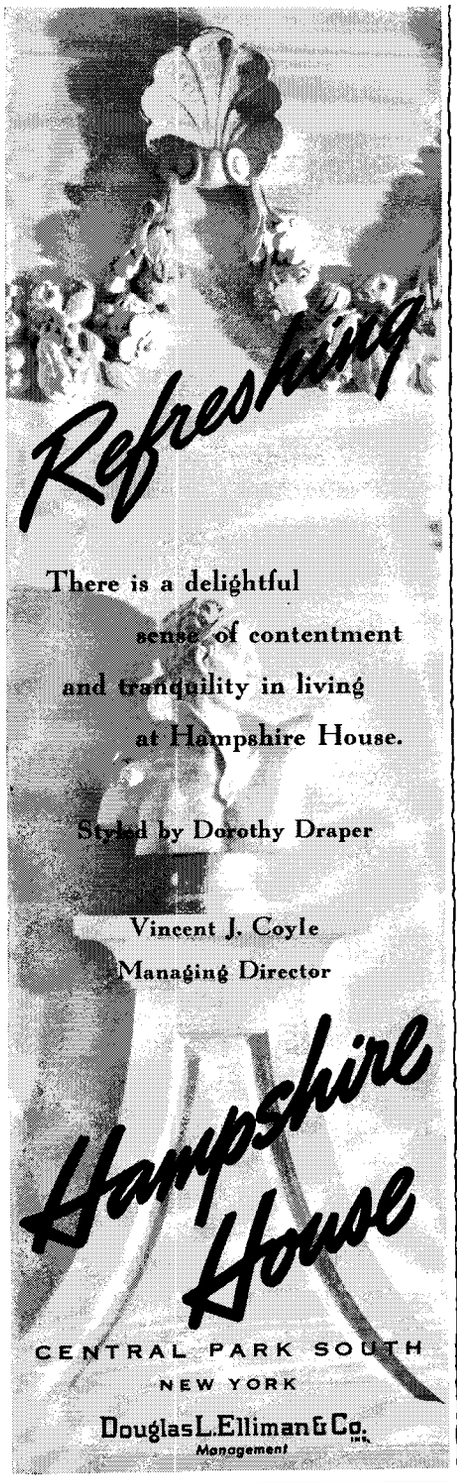

★FEATHER-WEIGHT
DECEPTIVITY, COMB CLUNG
"Chi Chi Bang"
created for Miss Jo Ann Sayers, lovely star of "My Sister Eileen", in the salon of

★ robert sievers
FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL
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Individual Coiffure Artiste
BY APPOINTMENT—ALGONQUIN 4-3925

the patterns have as many as fourteen colors in them, a highly unusual thing at such prices. There are toile designs as well as the customary chintzy ones, and even a few that verge on formality —the famous Chinaman in a Swing design, for instance (which up to now has been offered only in wallpaper), for Chippendale rooms, and an Empire wreath pattern of a sort I've never before seen done in cotton, although similar things are found often enough in taffeta and satin. On cotton, this pattern seems to lose a great deal of its formality and, used with its matching wallpaper, should provide a handsome and suitable setting for provincial furniture.

Apparently overwhelmed by the success they've had with this matching business, the Diament people are now busily decorating bedroom furniture with painted motifs adapted from the same papers and fabrics, a style that used to be popular in country houses around the end of the nineteenth century. For about $250 you can get twin beds, a bed table, a chest of drawers, a side chair, and a hanging mirror all with these decorations upon any ground color. The matching cotton can make curtains, chair seats, a spread, and petticoats for a built-in dressing table; the room's walls might be painted and have occasional panels of wallpaper repeating the fabric's design—and there's your cottage bedroom, all bright and stylish like the pretty colored pictures in decorating magazines, if that's what you've been yearning for.

THE chintz department at Alice H. Marks, 6 East 52nd Street, was a mere experiment when it opened last year, but the small and wonderful collection of fabrics it offered became an overnight success. This season expansion has set in, under the direction of Mrs. Scott Libby, formerly of the decorating firm of Thedlow, and one of the first things they'll show you is a stiffened voile, cool and crisp in white, with delicate blue floral wreaths, and having—you must have expected this —a companion wallpaper striped in blue and white. For a summery effect in dressing rooms, this combination couldn't be improved upon. The voile is $7.50 a yard and is all of sixty-six inches wide.

Flowery chintzes, though, are still the specialty at Marks, and are offered in a collection for which the market must have truly been combed. The rose chintzes are particularly fine. One of them, with small pink moss roses in

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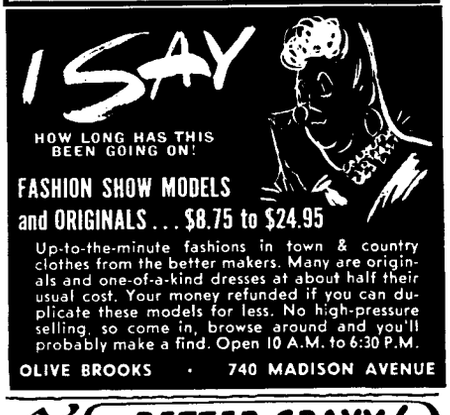
I SAY
HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN GOING ON!
FASHION SHOW MODELS
and ORIGINALS . . . $8.75 to $24.95
Up-to-the-minute fashions in town & country clothes from the better makers. Many are originals and one-of-a-kind dresses at about half their usual cost. Your money refunded if you can duplicate these models for less. No high-pressure selling, so come in, browse around and you'll probably make a find. Open 10 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.
OLIVE BROOKS · 740 MADISON AVENUE

BETTER GRAVY!
by adding this unexcelled table
HENRI TURIN'S MUSHROOM MUSTARD
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TURIN'S tangy Mushroom Chow-Chow
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precise clusters on a background striped in beige and white, like men's shirting, is a find at $1.80 a yard. Among the unglazed cottons, there's a washable English fabric, with purple and rose-red asters standing out brilliantly against a dead-white background, at $3.40 a yard. An embossed cotton so thick you'd swear it was padded and quilted has a lush, sprawling pattern of cabbage roses in shaded pinks on your choice of a soft background color—blue-gray, buff yellow, shell pink, and the like. This also is $3.40 and could be used for upholstery, it's that substantial.

AN airbrush process involving stencils and a lot of painstaking handwork has produced an excellent group of patterned fabrics at the Daub Studio of Decoration, 41 East 57th Street. The decorations, which may be applied to almost any kind of fabric, create an indescribably soft, hazy, blurred effect that gives a new look to patterns adapted from documented designs, and the process also works out fine for stripes, plaids, and similar decorations. The work is done to order, which seldom takes more than a week, and you may have the stuff by the yard or in specified lengths for curtains and spreads. A glazed fifty-inch percale with an antique floral pattern in mulberry, white, and gray shading to black has a companion fabric in which the same colors make broad horizontal stripes; $3.95 for the floral, $2.75 for the stripe. There's scrim, too, and Bemberg, and linen—a good, broad selection aimed at jaded, hard-to-please customers. —B. B.

•

MISSES' MATERNITY DRESSES in new spring styles. Prints and solid color rayons —3.00.—*From a Gimbel adv.*

This spring is just a nightmare, anyway.

•

Holle defended the character of Krumsick.

"He was a quiet, modest man, and honest," he said. "I do not believe the shortage will exceed $15,000."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Give us a loud, vain man, will you?

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

[*From the Kansas City Times*]

HOLLYWOOD, March 2.—Ginger Rogers's "homecoming" to RKO-Radio studio after she had been presented the motion picture academy of arts and sciences award for the best performance by an actress in 1940 was quite an affair.

Everybody from producers down turned out in top hat and white tails.

By very special delivery—

Braemar's Scotch Cashmeres!

BRAEMAR

Fashion is not concerned with fighter planes. And there is no sentiment in business. But today we take a new pride in our Cashmere Aristocrats, imported from our "auld acquaintance"—Braemar of Scotland. For still, in spite of "obstacles," what Braemar signs and seals is . . . *delivered.* And so cool-handed is the craftsmanship that has gone into these cashmeres, you would never guess their heroic history—nor what price their glory! In blue, white, maize, pink or natural, the cardigan, $14.95; pullover, $12.95. Skirt of Scotch tweed, $14.95.

Peck & Peck

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ONE . . . Cleanse with *Ardena Cleansing* Cream together with Ardena Skin Lotion. Or use Ardena Fluffy Cleansing Cream.

TWO . . . Freshen with Ardena Skin Lotion.

THREE . . . Smooth luxuriously with Ardena Velva Cream if your skin is normal or oily . . . with Ardena Orange Skin Cream if your face is dry or lined or thin.

ARDENA CLEANSING CREAM . . . 1.00 TO 6.00
ARDENA FLUFFY CLEANSING CREAM 1.00 TO 6.00
ARDENA SKIN LOTION . . . 1.00 TO 15.00
VELVA CREAM . . . 1.00 TO 6.00
ORANGE SKIN CREAM . . . 1.00 TO 8.00

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OLAV SINDING

LAST night, Olav Sinding of the Gudbrandsdal, in Norway, came to our house. He came with no further notice than a telephone call from the city, and when I saw him standing under our porch light, tall, blond, and serious, I could not believe my eyes.

My husband and I had known Olav Sinding for only a week in the summer of 1939, but we had known him well and liked him. He was in charge of the entertainment offered the guests at a small *turisthotel* in the Gudbrandsdal, where we were staying. It was not a hotel much patronized by foreigners, for the scenery was pleasant and restful rather than spectacular. John and I were the only Americans there.

Olav was very kind to us and we were pleased by his attention, for he was young, good-looking, and much in demand. He urged us to go with him on the daily walking trips, insinuated us into bridge games, and taught us the polka. Every evening he came to us to translate the nightly broadcast of news.

His constant companion was a handsome and dignified elkhound named Thor. Thor looked rather like a husky. He was aloofly condescending toward the guests and devoted to his master. Olav explained to us that he had insisted upon having Thor with him at the hotel.

"Since a year ago, I was in training to be a pilot for the air force," he once told us, "but to ride in an airplane make Thor very sick." John and I smiled, but Olav was serious. "So when my year is finish, I leave the air force and take this position. It is understood that always Thor is with me."

I thought nostalgically of our own dog, Honey, an emotional and badly disciplined springer, and nodded.

ON the last day of our stay at the *turisthotel*, Olav planned an expedition to Røde Gaard, where he told us we were to have *multe*.

"What is *multe?*" I asked.

Olav looked superior. "You do not know *multe?* Wait until you eat them. In all the world is nothing better."

Nearly everyone had been on a strenuous hike the day before, and perhaps that was why only two other guests joined us on this excursion. They were a young Danish couple—on their honeymoon, we surmised—who spoke little to anyone and found each other's company quite sufficient. So John and Thor and I had Olav very much to ourselves.

He led us briskly down the tree-shaded avenue behind the hotel into a rough and rutty lane and then struck off across the meadows. Hay was drying on the wire fences and gave off a fragrant odor. When we came to the high wooden gates dividing the fields, Olav would cry "Up!" and Thor would gather himself and clear the topmost bar. Sometimes we walked through patches of woodland where the sun shone flickeringly between the trees. At last we reached a farmhouse, a red, two-storied building set amid gently rolling fields.

In response to Olav's call, a woman in a white cap came out on a wooden balcony and waved to us. The Danish couple had not yet emerged from the last bit of forest, but Olav was unperturbed. "I do not think they are lost," he said.

We sat down on the grass in front of the house, and a young girl in a blue dress, with yellow braids around her head, brought out a big tray of white bowls. She smiled and blushed when Olav talked with her in Norwegian.

"Those are cloudberries," John said, looking at the amber-colored berries in the bowls. They were slightly cooked and sweetened and there was thick cream to pour over them and small oatcakes to eat with them.

"Now you know what is *multe*," Olav said, spooning up his berries busily. "Do you like them?"

"They're simply delicious!" I said.

John said, "Wonderful!"

We ate every last berry, even those belonging to the Danes. "I do not think they will care," Olav said. "For them, love is enough." Then I braved Olav's disapproval to feed Thor what was left of the cream, and we sat looking across the green and golden fields to the red-roofed houses and occasional church spires on the horizon.

"Is it not beautiful here?" Olav asked us.

"Such heavenly quiet," I said. "No portable radios."

Olav looked at me doubtfully. "Is it then always noiseful in America?"

"Oh, not everywhere," I said. "You must come and see for yourself."

"Perhaps Thor would be seasick," John suggested drowsily.

"Why should I come to America?" Olav inquired. "I am very happy here. In Norway is everything I will want."

"Norway is perfect," I said, watching a white cloud slowly dissolving into the blue sky. "I don't see why you would ever leave it."

"No, it is not perfect," Olav answered. "In Norway we must work hard for what we have. Nothing is easy. But it is my country and I love it." He brought his lean, brown hand down on Thor's flank and the dog quivered in response. "Thor and I, we will stay in Norway. Ah, here come the boy and girl, and no more *multe!*"

The next morning, Olav and Thor went with us to the station. "Remember," I said, "if you ever do come to America, you must come and see us."

Olav smiled. "If I do, I come," he promised. As the train pulled out we looked back at the tall man with the big dog beside him on the station platform.

We heard from Olav once after that, a card at Christmas time. "I have been mobilized," he wrote. "I am in the Army." After the invasion of Norway we often spoke of him and wondered.

NOW Olav stood alone in our doorway. "*Takk for sist,*" he said as John drew him into the house. "So I am come to America."

When we had made Olav welcome with food and drink, he told his story, sitting in front of the fire with Honey's head on his knee. Sometimes he hesitated for a word, said it in Norwegian, and John and I tried to help him out, but mostly we listened.

He had been a pilot in the air force, stationed near Oslo when the Germans came to Norway. He had gone up with four other fighters to meet a Nazi force of thirty planes, and six of the Germans had been shot down. When his ammunition was exhausted, he tried to return to the airfield, but the Germans were there before him. He headed north and came down on the partly frozen surface of a lake, breaking a wing when the ice failed to hold. Then he joined a detachment of infantry, about a hundred and

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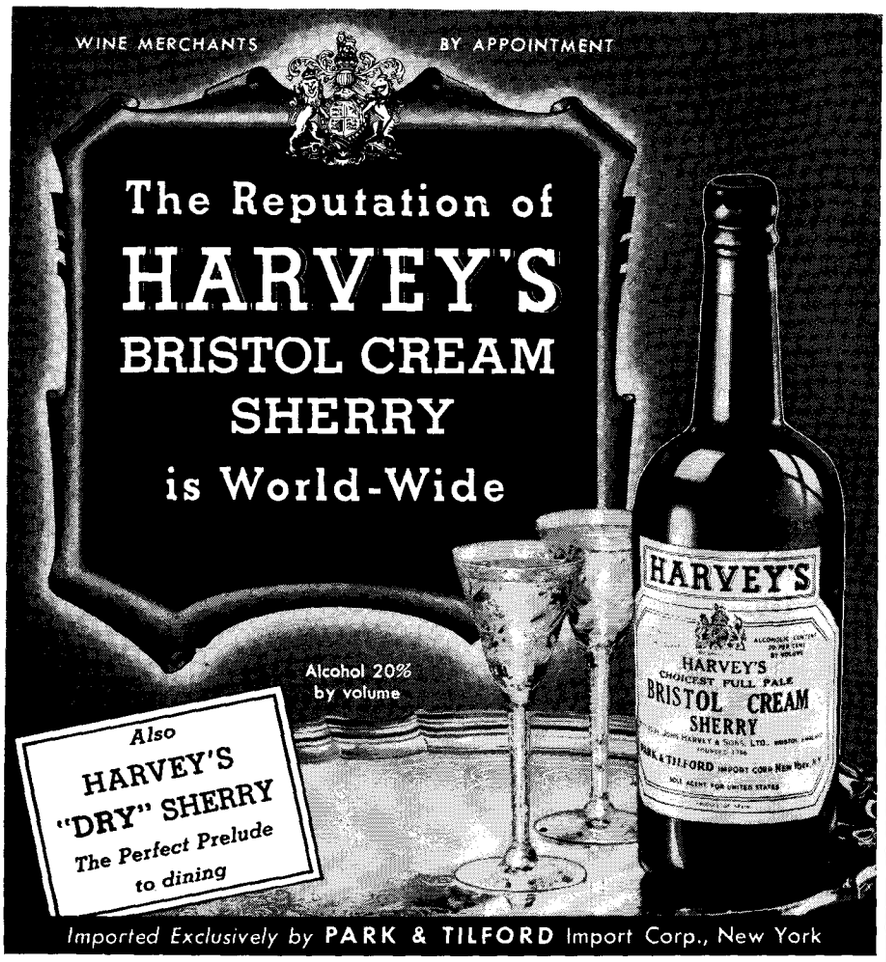

"Yes, we would like Scotch,"
SAY A GOOD MANY MEN
"if it didn't have that peat smoke taste!"
Well, then, gentlemen you should like OLD BUSHMILLS IRISH WHISKEY because it's made like Scotch except for the peat smoke taste.
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fifty men, who fought off twice that number of Germans at a narrow pass in the Aker Valley for five days. When they had to abandon their position, he tried to get to Narvik to join the English, but he was captured by the Germans and put into prison.

"That was very bad," he said, his hand moving slowly over Honey's head. "For a long time we know nothing. Then we hear that the King is gone and my country is taken. For many months I am held in the prison. Then it is arrange that I sign a paper and I am free."

That was late in the summer of 1940, and in the autumn he entered the university at Oslo as a student. "At first I am so glad to be out of the prison that I do not think much about my country," he said. "In Oslo, I can have my Thor with me, which make me very happy." This was the first time he had mentioned Thor, and I almost asked "Where is he now?" but something stopped me. "I am sorry and ashame that this has happen to my country," Olav said, "but I think, 'One must live.'" He shrugged his shoulders and smiled ruefully.

Conditions grew worse and the winter brought much suffering. In the beginning the Nazis had been careful and polite, but gradually they changed. When the crushed spirit of the Norwegians began to rise, the Gestapo was brought in to keep order. Any disturbance was put down ruthlessly.

"They tell us that King Haakon is not our King and it is forbid to speak of him or to pray for him in the church. When a *Herr Professor* at the university speak to the students and say that King Haakon is our true King and elected by the law, he is seize by the Nazis and sent to a concentration camp—such a terrible, terrible place."

When the students learned what had happened to him, they demonstrated at Karl Johans Gate, in front of a Quisling poster. The Gestapo called the soldiers and there was a fight between the students and the Nazis.

"I should have run away," Olav said, his hand now motionless on Honey's back, "because I have with me Thor, but I did not do so. When a soldier hit me with his gun, Thor jump for him and the soldier shoot him in the head. It was a good shot and he die quickly. For that I am glad."

Neither John nor I said anything. Honey wriggled her body closer against Olav. For a long while he looked into the fire. Then he drew a deep breath and continued. "I think, 'This is the

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end. It is not just that they have kill my dog. Much worse I have seen, much worse I have hear about, but this is the last thing. Many times I have thought I will not stay, but this has decide me. I will go.' "

"How could you manage it?" John asked.

"I have hear that there are ways. Word goes up and down my country from one to another. But I must be careful, for now the Nazis watch me since Thor is killed. They know how I am feeling. So I must wait. But one day I take my rucksack and my skis and I go into the mountains."

Olav said that he made his way toward the Swedish border, and a farmer told him where he could cross it between the German posts. He had only a map and a compass to guide him and twice he thought he was lost, but he got over the boundary at last. In Sweden he pretended to be a Swedish student on a skiing holiday, and finally he reached Stockholm. "From Stockholm, it is easy," he said.

"Easy!" John exclaimed. "To get to America from Stockholm? Did you have a magic carpet?"

"Please?" Olav asked.

"Nothing," John said. "How did you get a passport?"

Certain persons in Stockholm had given him a passport and helped him in many ways, Olav said. He had flown to Moscow, crossed Russia on the Trans-Siberian railroad to Vladivostok, gone by boat to Japan, and from Kobe sailed to San Francisco. "So when I will come to America, I have promise to see you, and I am here. You have, I think," he added politely, "a pleasing domicile."

"I still can't believe you are really here," I said, "but I am so glad you could come."

"I should say so," John said. Neither of us could say what we wanted to.

Honey had gone to sleep with her head on Olav's heavy boot. She snored, and he nudged her gently.

"Do you have any plans?" I asked. "What are you going to do?"

Olav moistened his lips. "It is very tiresome," he said apologetically, "to speak so much in English. And now—"

John interrupted him. "Don't talk about plans now. You're going to make us a long visit and have a good rest. We'll show you all the sights."

"That is most kind of you," Olav said, "but it is not possible. Tomorrow I must go."

"Nonsense" and "Of course not," said John and I together.

Olav smiled at us, but he shook his head. "Tomorrow I must go," he repeated.

"But where are you going?" I asked.

"I go to Canada," he said. "I am on my way to join there with other Norwegian aviators. Then we will go to England. It is said I am a good pilot. With my experience I shall be of great service in the bombing of Norway."

—KATHERINE LYON

• •

SPRING SONG

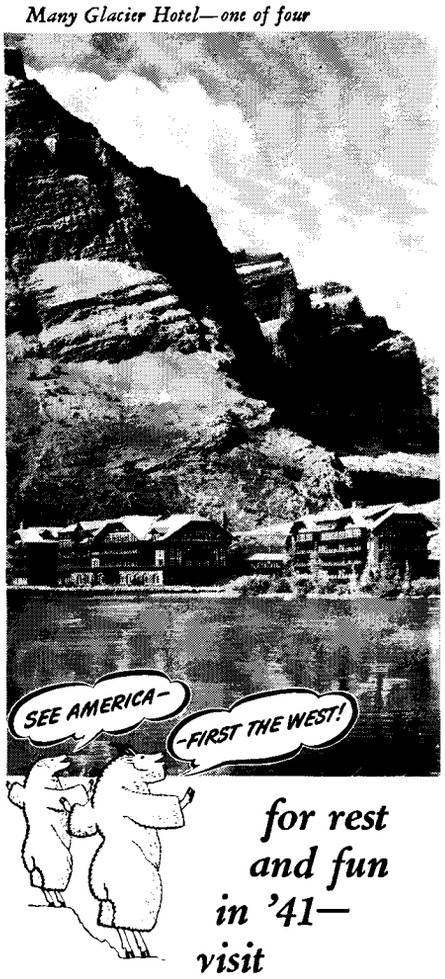
I have come again, gentlemen and ladies;
Whatever you call me, ladies, gentlemen,
Dancing, dancing down, sweet ladies,
And up with a dance I come, kind gentlemen.
I am here; we are dancing again.

Brown leaf on a dust hill, ladies, ladies;
A running ant from the dust hill, gentlemen.
Look out of the window; here I am.
Look back to the bedroom; here I am.
Sleep, and we'll fall together, gentlemen—
Falling towers and crumpled gowns—
To a dust, a most sleepy dust, ladies,
From towers and golden gowns; but sleep,
Oh sleep again, and I'll promise you green,
Oh a green, shattering sun-blade green,
With a daffodil prance like forever, gentlemen,
Forever a tower of gold like a daffodil.

I have come again, gentlemen and ladies;
Whatever you call me, a leaf and a dust hill;
Dancing up, gentlemen, sweet ladies, and
Dancing down, ladies, kind gentlemen.
I am here; we are dancing again.

—THEODORE SPENCER

Many Glacier Hotel—one of four



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THE RACE TRACK

Tracks and Stables

RACING moves to Long Island this weekend, and almost everything is going to be different there except the horses. At Jamaica, the track itself is the only fixture that hasn't been done over; Belmont has a new course for the two-year-olds, though the Widener straightaway remains; and Aqueduct's stand, begun last year, is being completed. The most important improvement at Jamaica is the new stand, which is 900 feet long, almost as long as Belmont's, with 15,000 really comfortable seats (like those installed in the clubhouse at Aqueduct last year), from any one of which you can see all of the track. Jamaica will also institute the daily double.

As for the horses, there will be more fat ones than fit ones because abnormally cold weather has upset training, but I can't think of a sounder idea than betting on every horse Fitzsimmons trains, as he usually does awfully well at Jamaica. You could do worse than start off with a ticket on his King Cole in the Paumonok Handicap.

I saw Bold Irishman, another of the fifty-four horses Fitzsimmons has in training, at Aqueduct the other morning, and I fancy he's the colt Dispose and all the other three-year-olds will have to worry about in the Kentucky Derby. Ben Jones, who is doing the best he can with Whirlaway, said that at Hialeah months ago, but I didn't take the tip seriously until I watched Bold Irishman gallop. Fitzsimmons, who is usually casual about his stock, is enthusiastic over the animal, too. I expect Bold Irishman will run in the Experimental Handicap at Jamaica on April 19th, and in the Wood Stakes the following Saturday. By the way, King Cole has grown long during the winter and doesn't look as much like a sprinter, but that has not interfered with his speed. My pick of the Fitzsimmons stable is Fenelon. Although he isn't quite another Johnstown, he's worth remembering for all the big handicaps.

THERE'S not much to be said about Bowie except that running eight races a day does not improve the breed of the thoroughbred as much as it does the pari-mutuel handle. The best race there last week was Omission's in the Rowe

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Memorial Handicap. The colt won so easily from Clyde Tolson and half a dozen others who did rather well last winter that he's going after the Wood Stakes and perhaps the Kentucky Derby.

Finding the horses at Bowie mostly the same old animals from Florida and California, with a few right out of the baths at Hot Springs tossed in, I played hooky the other day to visit Alfred Vanderbilt's Sagamore Farm. Vanderbilt has a stable of twenty-six, the same number he started with last year. New World, his best three-year-old, is big and handsome enough for two horses; he weighed 1,193 pounds the last time he was on the scales, which is about 200 pounds more than the average three-year-old colt, and one can't fault him. No one knows yet how fast he is, or when he will be ready to race.

One of Vanderbilt's thirteen two-year-olds, a colt by Discovery out of That's That, is called Blitzkrieg. The reason nothing named Blitzkrieg was running around last season was that, quick like anything after the war started, Vanderbilt registered the name with The Jockey Club. Since then there have been at least 250 applications to christen a horse Blitzkrieg, but nobody may use the name again for twenty years, and, as Vanderbilt says with satisfaction, that's that.

If Vanderbilt ever wanted to run a ringer, he could substitute the three-year-old Good Turn for the animal's two-year-old half-brother, Talent Scout, in a race and maybe get away with it. Talent Scout, who is by Discovery out of Girl Scout, is as big as Good Turn—if anything, a little bigger—and looks so much like him that only the men around the barn know which is which. Anyhow, Vanderbilt can fool the clockers with those two.

PRIORITIES NOTE: Trainers are all in a dither over a possible shortage of aluminum shoes, and are afraid they may have to go back to the old-fashioned steel racing plates. Claustral note: None of the placing judges at Jamaica will be allowed to leave their stand from the time the races begin in the afternoon until they're over. Just why, nobody seems to know. —AUDAX MINOR

•

TAKE A TIP FROM
ARMY ON POSTURE
THE TOP SERGEANT HAS
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AIDS BEAUTY
—Headlines in the World-Telegram.

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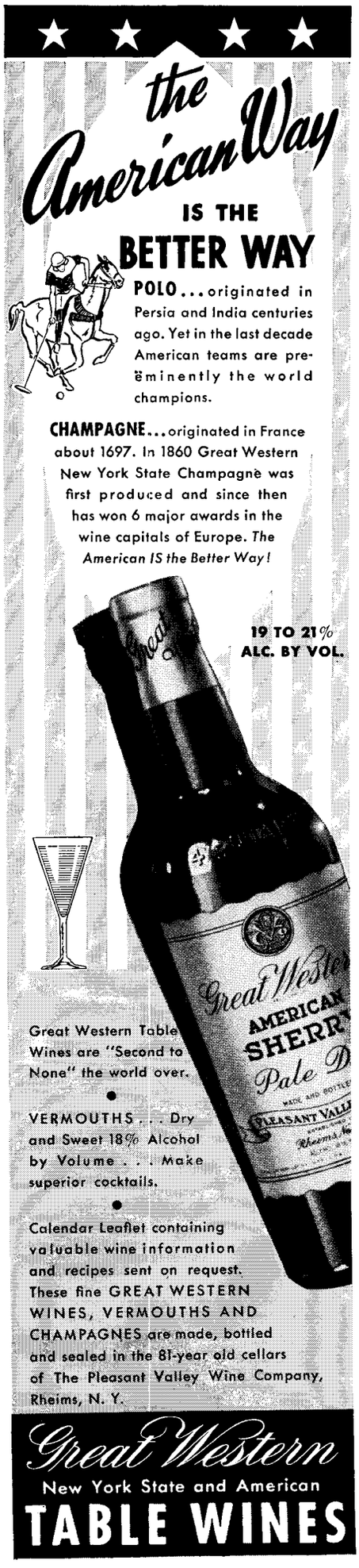
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Bach and Pre-Bach

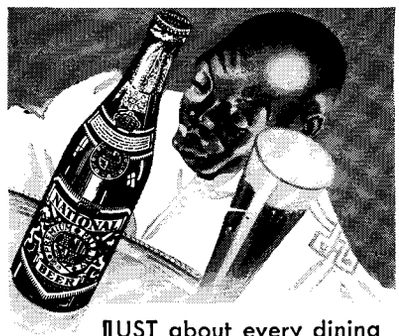
LADIES and gentlemen in the dark attended the performance of Bach's Saint Matthew Passion music by the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Westminster Choir under the direction of Leopold Stokowski. No serviceable illumination was provided for the audience in Carnegie Hall, and the gloom extended over the edge of the stage, so that Mr. Stokowski and the soloists were silhouetted against light that shone on the instrumentalists and choristers. This visual effect, however, was the only theatrical touch in the presentation. Mr. Stokowski conducted a generally straightforward and sometimes curiously subdued version of the great music, and the evening was one of tonal beauty, so far as the chorus and orchestra were involved.

Most of the soloists didn't have the voice quality to match the surrounding participants. The spread between the sound of some of the individual vocalists and that of the ensemble may have been responsible for a certain lack of impact in the performance as a whole.

MLLE. NADIA BOULANGER'S concert of religious music, with the Potsdam State Crane Choir, a group of Philharmonic-Symphony musicians, and a dozen solo singers, introduced to New York the "History of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ," composed by Heinrich Schütz in 1623—more than a century before Bach wrote his Saint Matthew Passion. The "Resurrection" is extraordinary music which, in Mlle. Boulanger's sensitive arrangement for concert use, has none of the "how-interesting-and-so-what" atmosphere that often hangs around restorations. It is direct, eloquent, and inventive. Mlle. Boulanger conducted somewhat unconductorially and obtained a completely convincing performance from the excellent chorus and the able soloists.

In special tribute to Ignace Jan Paderewski, in whose honor the concert was presented, Mlle. Boulanger offered two excerpts of Polish music—an interesting fourteenth-century hymn and a charming moment from Szymanowski's Stabat Mater. There also was a hearing of Gabriel Fauré's Requiem

"It's just unbelievable the extent to which they go to make you luxuriously comfortable—"



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Mass, which has been unduly neglected in our concert halls, and the choir won great glory by its singing in this gracious and undemonstrative music.

THE Princeton Chapel Choir and the Rutgers Glee Club came to Carnegie Hall to assist the Boston Symphony and Serge Koussevitzky in Liszt's "Faust" symphony. The young men sang the finale of the long work enthusiastically, and the entire performance was a triumph for all concerned. The symphony has many sorts of interest for students of musical history and for those who enjoy the details of an expansive essay in which Liszt sometimes anticipated composers who were to follow him, and it reveals almost all of his own genius as well as characteristic lapses. For many other concert-goers, though, the symphony doesn't come to life until Mephistopheles arrives with the last movement. One reason may be the stop-go nature of some of the music, there being a good deal of wrestling with restlessness.

Mr. Koussevitzky has joined the C.W.A.B. (Conductors Who Arrange Bach). His first transcription played hereabouts was a setting for wind instruments of a prelude and fugue in C-major for organ, and the scoring suggested skillfully the sound of such an organ as Bach might have played.

THE students of the Juilliard Opera School entertained excellently in their Claremont Avenue auditorium last week with four performances of Verdi's "Falstaff." They offered a bright English version of the comedy, and the music kept pace with the entertainment, under the knowing and adroit direction of Albert Stoessel.

WELL, Sir Thomas Beecham is back in town. He conducted the New York City Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, under the sponsorship of Mayor LaGuardia and the WPA Music Project, and the clientele turned in an ovation that was a standout even in this season of uproars over maestri. He's still the same versatile and brilliant conductor he was when he led the Philharmonic-Symphony some years ago, and he still has the same astonishing technique for extracting grand performances from an orchestra. It would be easy to go into detail about his excellences, but maybe it will be sufficient right now to suggest that you inquire of Carnegie Hall whether any tickets are left for Sir Thomas's concert this Sunday evening. —ROBERT A. SIMON

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OF ALL THINGS

WAR between Germany and Yugoslavia was inevitable for the soundest possible reason. Neither side wanted it.

•

Dr. Goebbels announced that the Nazis entered Greece as friends, protectors, and liberators. The Greeks seemed to have a couple of other words for them.

•

Mussolini is now revealed as the world's most generous statesman. He has given East Africa to the British, Albania to the Greeks, and Italy to the Germans.

•

If the Duce wants to deliver an oration at this point, we can lend him a remark recently made by our Mayor: "When I make a mistake, it's a beaut."

•

The Fascist officials who ordered the sabotage of their ships here were the victims of a low Yankee trick. They were given to understand that Roosevelt had his mind on fish.

•

Nazi plans for celebrating the first anniversary of the liberation of Norway from the horrors of self-government received thoughtful attention in Oslo. Norwegian leaders advised their people to leave no stone unturned to make the affair a brilliant flop.

•

The declarations of peace in the bituminous mines was splendid news. A coal strike is a luxury we can easily give up before, during, or after Lent.

•

The Army Day parade was half ruined by rain. Fifth Avenue was almost wet enough for the Navy.

•

According to Mark Sullivan, many Republicans wonder whether it was wise to borrow Wendell Willkie from the Democrats last summer. Some of them think that the G.O.P. should pay off this loan and start clean again.

•

This spring, it is a happy privilege not to be Governor of New York. Mr. Lehman has on his desk 1,100 bills which must get his okay or kayo within thirty days. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

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THE ART GALLERIES

The Impressionists

IT is not too easy to define the charm that Impressionist painting has when it's really good; there is something about it that the mere description of the method does not quite explain. The technique brought painting into the sunlight and did away with formal "studio" composition, to be sure, but it did more than that. In centring its emphasis on immediacy of impression, it imposed on the artist a demand for an entirely new kind of vision. Airiness was the principal quality sought; for the first time in more than two hundred years the painter tried to paint not only the objects that made up his composition but the atmosphere that surrounded and separated them as well.

In addition, the aim was for naturalness and the same kind of unpremeditated design that nature itself produces. The Impressionists didn't always achieve both, but when they did, their canvases had a freshness, lightness, and ease which no other school can equal and a casual graciousness so deeply locked in the very fabric of the paintings that you can search their surfaces over and over without ever quite finding the source of it.

All this is by way of introduction to two really charming Impressionist shows that are now on—one, at Knoedler's, of early paintings by Monet, Pissarro, and Sisley, and the other of Pissarro alone, at Durand-Ruel. Both are beautifully selected and intelligently arranged, and they fit in very well together, for with only a few exceptions, the Knoedler affair is limited strictly to the eighteen-seventies and early eighties, while the Pissarro exhibition is truly a full-scale one, with canvases ranging all the way from 1864 to 1901, only two years before the artist's death.

For myself, I was particularly pleased with the Pissarro collection, if only because such a showing has seemed to me to be long overdue. Though Gauguin acknowledged him as his master and even Cézanne remarked that he was "*un homme à consulter*," Pissarro was the most unassuming of all his coterie, and there's a somehow similar quality of unpretentiousness about his painting too, I think, that has led people to neglect him a little in recent years. This exhibition, I hope, will help to correct that attitude; though the paintings may lack the cool, confident power of Manet, say, or the intensity of Renoir, they reveal a warmth and simplicity that are almost equally valuable. Certainly, as a landscapist Pissarro showed a penetration and an evocative skill far surpassing those of any other member of the group except Cézanne.

Even the brief plunge he took in mid-career into Seurat's Pointillism is shown not to be the dismal venture it is often considered. Not only are the paintings of that period quite respectable performances in themselves (see his "Printemps, Eragny" and the "Vue des Coteaux de Bazincourt, Après-Midi") but his work thereafter, though he had returned to the conventional Impressionist technique, can be seen to have gained in richness and formal dignity from the experiment. Throughout the show there are canvases—the relatively early "Le 'Crystal Palace,' Londres" of 1871, as well as the "Déchargement de Bois, Rouen" and the superb "Cours la Reine, Rouen" of his later years—which seem almost to breathe warmth and health and winningness. Pissarro may never have striven for great effects, but within his own field he was nearly unbeatable.

CLAUDE MONET profits most from the limitations of dates in the Knoedler exhibition, for it was precisely in the seventies that his work showed its greatest vigor. Because of this, you'll see none of the mistily opalescent color and wishy-washy design that marked his later phases but, instead, a series of paintings—for example, the broadly planned and unusually rhythmic "Déchargeurs de Charbon," the steamy "Gare Saint Lazare," and the lovely study of the Seine and its Sunday boating parties called "Argenteuil"—whose strength and simplicity of handling I expect will surprise you. Pissarro comes off fairly well too, and so does Sisley; indeed, Sisley's peaceful, green, and summery "Vue de Louveciennes," in spite of its startlingly inappropriate frame, still stands out in my mind as perhaps the best thing in the whole collection. The show, like the one at Durand-Ruel, is distinctly worth seeing. Together, they make as agreeable a way of spending a spring afternoon as can be imagined.

ARTHUR DOVE is presenting a set of new paintings and water colors at An American Place, and though in some ways the collection represents an advance over previous years (his color, for instance, is deeper and immensely more vibrant), in other respects I found it disappointing. What his work lacks seems to be a sense of integration. Abstract painting justifies itself only when the spectator can be persuaded that the symbols employed have some logic behind them, that there is some underlying consistent purpose, directed toward heightening the impact, or the emotional tension, or whatnot, which makes the abandonment of the purely representational reasonable and necessary. To my mind, no such justification appears in Dove's painting, and because of that lack a good part of his work seems merely capricious, a thing of whorls and bursts of color as meaningless in their simplifications as they are in their occasional resemblances to reality. Accidental as it is, however, there are times when the sheer whimsicality of his arrangements produces a certain beauty, and there are a number of pieces in the show—such as his "Yellow, Blue-Green and Brown" and the cool "Frosty Moon"—which, in that sense at least, are quite charming.

AT the Walker Galleries is a group of recent paintings by George Grosz, half of them landscapes and half of them studies of nudes. The nudes, though beautifully drawn, have a curious quality, part Rubens and part pure *La Vie Parisienne*, and I didn't like them much. The landscapes, however, are something else again. Mainly pictures of dune country and painted in ghostly pale yellows and greens and chalky whites, they have a desolate, tormented feeling that is frequently extremely effective. I particularly admired his "House in the Dunes, Cape Cod" and the somehow really chilling "Early Moon."

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Minor Thefts

Joseph Mayes, proprietor of a restaurant at 85 Bank Street, reports that a pair of trousers were stolen from his automobile while it was parked in front of the establishment last night.

Manuel C. Raposa of 240 Almond Street reported to police that a billfold was stolen from his automobile while it was parked at Rodman and South Main Streets last night.

Three suits of armor worn by Henry VIII of England, on display in the Tower in London, show waistlines measuring 35, 38, and 54 inches.

Contrary to common belief, the moon can be seen at some time during all but about five nights of the month.—*Fall River (Mass.) Herald News.*

Put the armor on, gentlemen, and stand in the moonlight.

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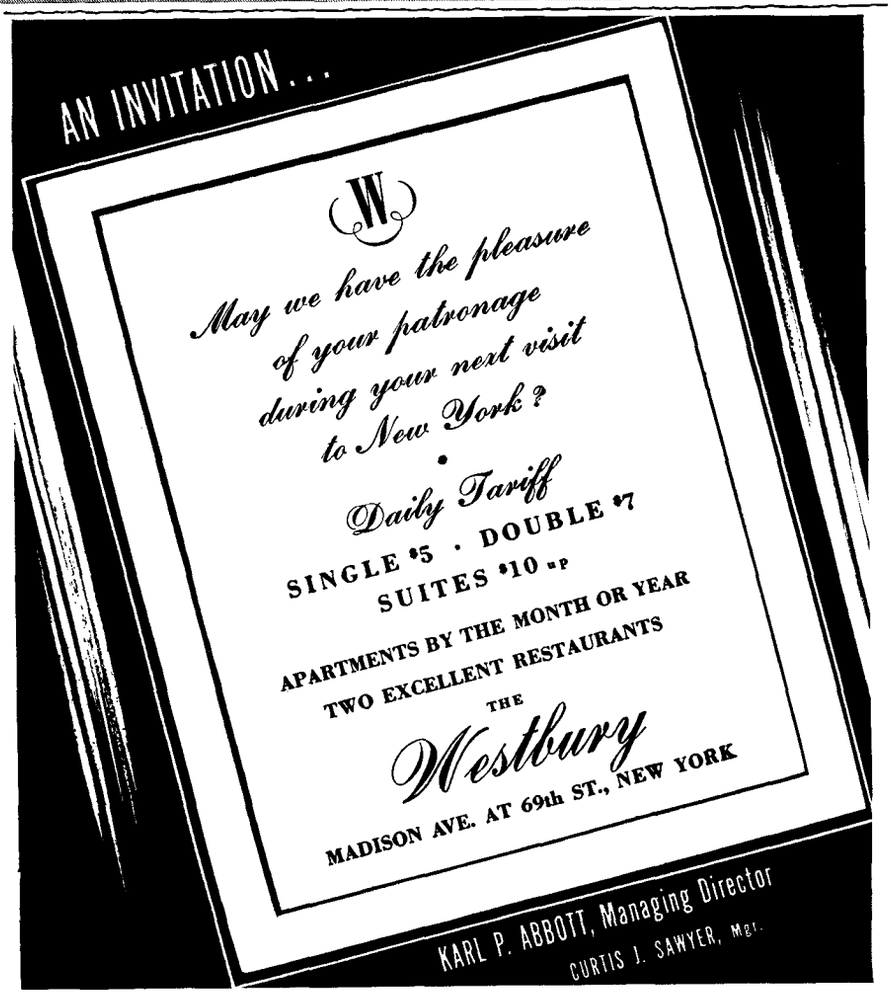
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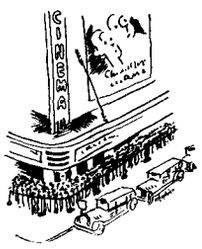

THE ability of Bette Davis is sadly squandered in "The Great Lie." Of the half-dozen new films I have seen, this is the major disappointment, the others being pretty much what one might expect. Even Miss Davis, with all her piety and wit, cannot make anything reasonable out of the curious conglomeration of emotional situations arranged for her in "The Great Lie," the bizarre predicaments of a Southern heiress whose man is snatched from her by a passionate pianist. Always vague about dates, the pianist marries the desired gentleman before her divorce from a preliminary union has become final. A day or two of an alliance with an artist being enough for the gentleman, he is delighted to find himself free again and bolts back to marry the Southern lady. The pianist does not accept jilting humbly when she finds that, valid or not, her brief interlude is to burgeon in the fashion most embarrassing for an unattached woman in public life. Our heroine, the heiress, wife but no mother, offers a solution. She will adopt the baby when it is born and pass it off to her husband as her own, a duplicity possible since, in the meanwhile, he has been conveniently marooned in the jungles of Brazil.

It is up to Mary Astor to be the villainous, ruthless, child-bearing, but quite unmaternal piano player, and I must say I found her artistic tantrums and black-eyed venom and her thorough thumpings upon the piano keys stylish to a high degree. For the accouchement, the two ladies retire to a secret nook in Arizona, and the scenes there among the cacti suddenly attain a vitality which is almost farcical. George Brent plays the man over whom the ladies squabble so endlessly, but as he is out of sight in the jungle much of the time, the rôle isn't demanding.

IT'S just one of the charming signs of spring, I suppose, that Lionel Barrymore should be with us in two pictures. Seen both times in a wheelchair (in one as Grandpop and in the other as Uncle Henry), he will delight his many followers. And in "The Bad Man" (Uncle Henry), he shares the

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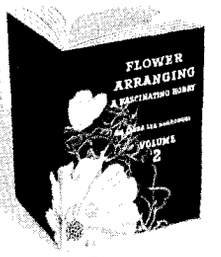

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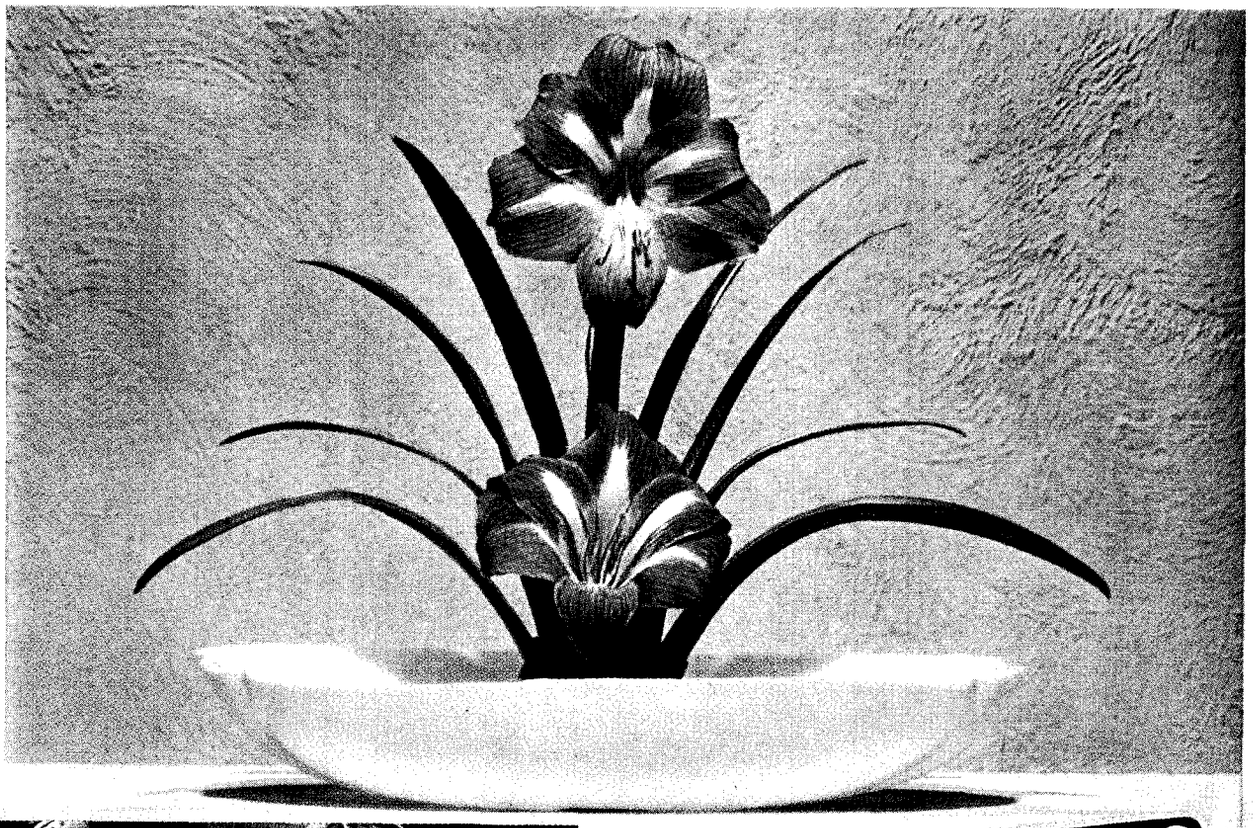

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The Prevention of Cancer

by Isaac F. Marcosson

Member, Advisory Council New York City Cancer Committee

As everybody knows, we have highly organized fire and accident prevention. The precaution "Safety First", saves lives and property. Injections and sanitary measures, based on expert knowledge of the causes of the disease, prevent typhoid, tuberculosis, malaria, yellow fever, hook-worm, and pellagra.

With cancer you have a far more difficult task. In order to prevent a disease, obviously you must know its causes. Unlike tuberculosis, cancer is not a single disease but a group of diseases of very different causation and course. Despite incessant research, cancer remains the most persistent of medical mysteries.

Yet some vital facts are known. Out of the darkness that largely shrouds this ancient scourge has emerged one ray of light which makes a considerable degree of prevention possible. It is now known that cancers are preceded by various forms of chronic irritation. There is a wealth of clinical and experimental evidence to support this theory. It was first discovered in so-called chimney-sweep's cancer, bred in irritation caused by contact with chimney walls. Later investigation proved that workers in tar and coal-tar products especially dyes, shale oil, certain textiles, and operators in factories producing luminous clock and watch dials, developed cancer because of irritation in various parts of the body. The cancer developed among workers is called occupational cancer.

The chronic irritation which causes cancer, mainly of the skin, is not confined to the workers I have enumerated. Another cause, particularly among blonde persons, is over-exposure to sunlight. No one questions the beneficent effect of sun rays. The trouble is that many people indulge in it to an excess. Their skin blisters. Irritation develops. Cancer may be the consequence. What is known as "farmer's skin", often a source of cancer, comes from continued exposure to sun and wind. Cancer may develop from the scar of an old burn if that portion of the scar is subjected to repeated stretching by body movements. A jagged tooth can also cause irritation with cancerous results in the mouth.

All this means that irritation in any part of the face or body must be cleared up before it progresses too far. This is only one phase of cancer prevention. Another grows out of the fallacious idea that cancer, as such, is hereditary. Inherited cancer susceptibility does not imply that a person whose parents have had cancer, will inevitably have it. It does mean that where parents and relatives have had cancer in a particular organ, the individual must be constantly on the alert for symptoms that might indicate the presence of cancer in that organ, especially the breast.

The one best safeguard against cancer, therefore, is a regular examination by a competent physician even though you feel perfectly fit. The most essential thing about cancer for the public to know is that its first symptoms are almost always painless and apparently harmless in appearance.

Four measures for the prevention of cancer are being promulgated by the American Society for the Control of Cancer. They are: 1—Avoidance of exposure to all forms of irritation; 2—Compulsory protection of workers in industries with a special cancer hazard; 3—Emphasis on mouth and body cleanliness; 4—Publicity regarding the origins, prevalence, and efforts against cancer.

The campaign for cancer prevention has gone beyond the domain of verbal caution. Three activities will show what is being done. The Kate Depew Strang Cancer Prevention Clinic in New York, organized and conducted by Dr. Elise Strang L'Esperance, one of the best known cancer authorities in the United States, has two sections. The parent one is at the New York Infirmary for Women and Children. The other is established at the new Memorial Hospital for the Treatment of Cancer and Allied Diseases. Both are free to the public. Out of fourteen cases examined in a single afternoon at the Memorial Hospital, two pre-cancer conditions and one developed cancer were discovered. The former were eliminated while the latter was easily operable and curable because it was found in its primary stage. In Philadelphia Dr. Catherine Macfarlane of the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania has created a unique cancer prevention clinic. It consists of 1,200 women, thirty years of age or older, who have volunteered for examination twice a year for five years. Here, as in the Strang Clinics, many pre-cancer cases have been discovered and successfully dealt with. The 345 approved cancer clinics, scattered throughout the United States, are all potential prevention, as well as treatment, institutions.

Thus the dread and fear, so long synonymous with cancer, are being dissipated by personal precaution and organized prevention. Cancer is being regarded as a public health problem. It is being fought with a growing knowledge which spells increasing hope for the future.

Every individual—man or woman—may aid the fight against cancer by studying and acting upon the literature of cancer control freely supplied by the

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER,

350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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honors with Wallace Beery. I must regretfully state that this is just about as weak and flimsy a version of the famous Porter Emerson Browne farce of the sentimental Mexican bandit as one could imagine. Even Wallace and Lionel can't do much about it.

In "The Penalty" (Grandpop), Lionel is the genial head of a nice family of countryfolk who have adopted a bank robber's small boy. The bank robber (Edward Arnold), a gangster of many killings, is bringing up this son to follow in Papa's footsteps, but the child is cured of his bad habits—pilfering, shooting, and so on—by the worthy rustics and by the bucolic appeal of farm life, its geese and the like. When the wicked father gets his deserts and the little fellow is reformed, the story just naturally folds up, and doesn't seem to have been very much anyhow.

IN "Men of Boys Town," Spencer Tracy presents himself as an indomitable and idealistic Father Flanagan, who is kept especially busy here, as the story is a hodgepodge of Boys Town life, the lofty if ludicrous halls of a millionaire's establishment, and the nether world of a reform school. A youngster called Bobs Watson, interpreting Pee Wee, a problem character, would appear to be another career youth like Mickey Rooney, who is also busy in the picture. . . . "Free and Easy," from Ivor Novello's "The Truth Game," takes us back to the old England of manor houses and marrying for money, and is helped a lot by Judith Anderson as an heiress who is generous to honest gigolos. . . . A parody of the African safari as we moviegoers know it is a very funny item in "Road to Zanzibar," which, I should say, is in general the one really cheery film of this early-spring sale. Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Una Merkel, and merry Eric Blore may seem rather too smarty at times, but they set the innocent a-giggling. It's rather on the order of that recent "Road to Singapore," in which some of these same people were involved; studio optimists may be planning a series.—JOHN MOSHER

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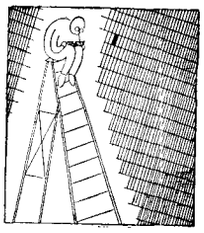
BOOKS

News from Jamaica, Central America, and the English Front



IT is the manner, even more than the matter, of Ivan T. Sanderson's books that makes them about the best jobs in their line since William Beebe. It's a cinch to make fun of the field naturalist, with his passionate absorption in all sorts of nasty little animals that most of us would cut dead. Mr. Sanderson knows this. He is aware that to the besotted layman he is a slightly absurd creature, and he has the humor to make capital of the fact. His attitude is simple: "I find it necessary to state in plain language that (a) we take our work very seriously, but that (b) we do not take ourselves at all seriously." This good-humored self-depreciation and his consciousness of the ridiculous figures he and his assistants often cut give his books an antipompous and delightful tone.

"Living Treasure," though not quite up to the author's "Animal Treasure" or "Caribbean Treasure," will be gobbled down by anyone who, like myself, has acquired the Sanderson habit. Sanderson and his wife and a small company of assistants spent about a year observing and collecting animals (their specialty is small mammals) in Jamaica, British Honduras, and Yucatán. There was also a side expedition to Haiti, where a member of their party, with the unexpected help of a Port-au-Prince taxi-driver, bagged a specimen of the rare and almost unapproachable Haitian wild horse. Jamaica presented a shameful condition of affairs; in fact, says the sniffy Sanderson, the mammalian fauna of the West Indies in general is "meagre and remarkably patchy." Nevertheless, the Sandersons did a thriving business with bats ("Asking us whether we are interested in bats is equivalent to asking a child if it likes sweets") and with a rare tick (the *Sphærorhynchus*, if you insist on knowing) that lives a dull life in the left ear of certain highly tolerant bats. In a misty Jamaican forest they also encountered, with joyful shouts, earthworms that harbored other earthworms—earthworms to the second power, as Sanderson says.

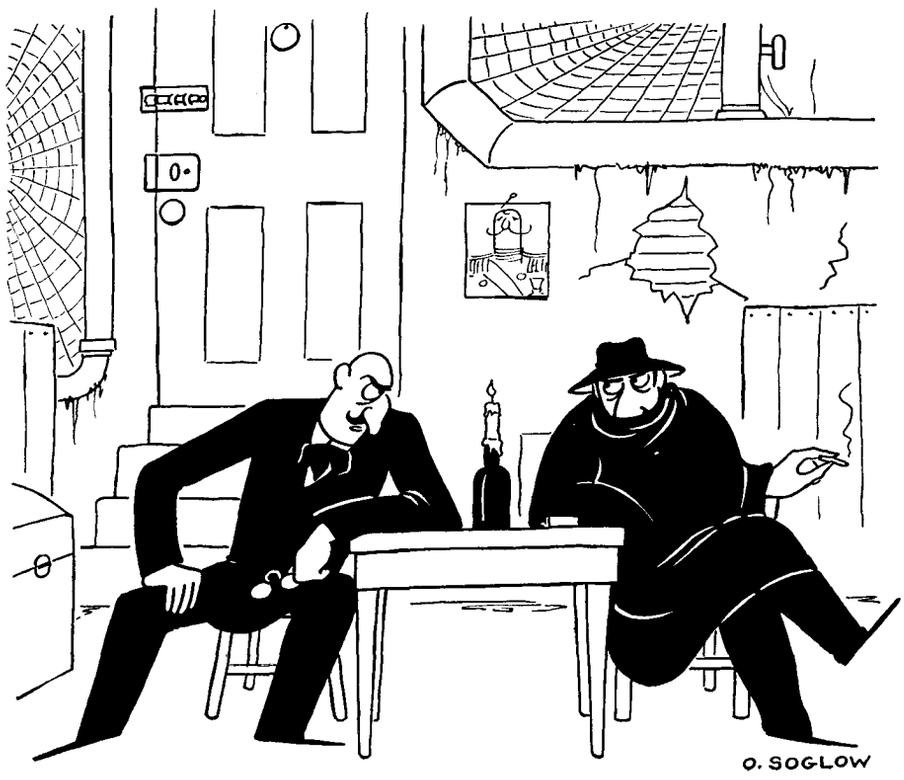
British Honduras kept the Sandersons fruitfully engaged in such earnest activities as shooting owls in the hope (forlorn, alas) that they might have swallowed rats' skulls whole, observing the communistic, Dies-defying activities of the wee-wee ants, "dissecting" a jungle as you would a flower, being fooled by a frog (*Hyla baudinii*) that specializes in making a noise like a self-starter, looking for tapeworms in a toad's eyeball, and cheering on a three-and-one-half-inch opossum in its epic battle with a three-inch water bug. (The opossum won handily.)

In this book, Mr. Sanderson reveals more about the serious purposes underlying his work, particularly the determination by precise methods of the complex relationship between animal life and its changing environment and the investigation of the diseases of wild animals, who are by no means as healthy as innocent nature-lovers might suppose.

As in his other books, Mr. Sanderson provides his own illustrations, thirty-two drawings that combine exactness of detail with a warm feeling for the vivid life of the subject, whether it be basilisk (*Coryopthanes cristatus*), kinkajou (*Potos flavus*), or Yucatecan skunk (*Spilogale angustifrons yucatanensis*).

ERIC KNIGHT's "This Above All" is the first novel of any pretensions to come out of this war. Mr. Knight, who writes with passionate conviction and a surer skill than in any of his previous work, is not to be blamed for his impatience, and yet one is entitled to wish that he had waited a while. The memorable novels of the last war—they are not many or perhaps even very memorable—appeared in the mid-twenties or later, after the writers had had time to digest their experiences and after enough history had elapsed to allow us to see 1914-18 in something like roughly true perspective. But this war, it may be, has not really started. We cannot see its outlines. What is important today is obscured tomorrow. To some it is a war, to some revolution, to others Armageddon, to still others *Götterdämmerung*. There is a certain rashness even in an attempt to write a full-length novel about a subject whose proportions we cannot yet measure.

With these reservations, there is a good deal to be said for Mr. Knight's story. The central theme revolves around the conversion of Clive Briggs, a slum-produced young Englishman, from defeatism to a realization that this is everybody's war, in which he must do his share. That this conversion is in part brought about by a tediously elaborated love affair with the standard upper-middle-class English girl is one of the book's major weaknesses. In fact, the entire romance between Clive and Prue reminds one forcefully of a great many



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youth-novels that you now regret having wasted your time reading. But Mr. Knight's intense interest in what his two young people have to say and do about *l'amour*, though it weakens his novel, does not ruin it. The book is memorable for its ghastly pictures of the retreat from Calais and the evacuation of Dunkerque, for its powerful pages describing London under the falling bombs, and for its lower-class characters, particularly Monty, a tough old soldier whom Kipling would have been proud to have thought of.

Whatever the book's weaknesses, nobody can take from Mr. Knight the credit for being the first to attack a big Second World War theme in the pages of a long and serious novel. "This Above All" deserves your attention. It is the best writing to date by a young writer who should, if luck is with him, do important work in the future.

YOU might supplement your reading of Mr. Knight with a look into "This Is London," a judiciously edited collection of Edward R. Murrow's famous radio reports. Elmer Davis's introduction, commentary, and footnotes give the book a certain coherence it might otherwise lack. Mr. Murrow's plain and moving reporting you already know if you have used your ears during the last eighteen months. It is well to have it preserved in book form. The importance of his volume is not great, nor is its art, as one might expect, particularly elaborate, but it gives one a most immediate sense of the changing temper and temperature of the British people from the end of August, 1939, to just a couple of weeks ago.

—CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

NEW life can come into an art only when that art becomes more casual in tone. A shift in emphasis or a change in subject matter does no good. A stuffy state of mind and a bigwig style will stifle a poem about sharecroppers as quickly as a poem about peacocks in the twilight. Once rigidity or efflorescence has set in, it is useless to try to escape the effects. Something else, completely different, must be done. Change must be sharp; the whole encumbered ground must be cleared, and this clearing can only be the direct result of spiritual change, the examination of conscience which brings humility.

Obscured as modern poetry has been by every kind of rhetorical curlicue, intellectual pretension, and spiritual gloom, the reaction had to be funda-

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EXTRA EDITION!

For a long time now *The Gory Gazette* has had one item of Unfinished Business: to find a name for the trademark which appears at the top of this column and on the jacket of every Inner Sanctum Mystery.

We were brooding about this one day when the Contest Editor wandered into our office. He had just finished reading *The Right Murder* by Craig Rice and was still slightly drunk with power. "Let's run a contest," he rashly suggested.

So, *The Gory Gazette* is herewith running a contest.

It's a cinch. All you have to do is fill in the coupon below with your suggestion for a good name for the Inner Sanctum Mystery trademark. No box tops, no old cigarette stubs, not even a facsimile. We have to admit that we'd *like* you to answer the questions about *The Gory Gazette* that appear on the coupon. But playing fair with readers is our inflexible rule, so we must state at once that these questions do not in any way affect the prizes.

Of course, prizes! What's a contest without prizes? First prize for the best name submitted is $25. And copies of the latest Inner Sanctum Mystery will be sent to the ten runners-up. Contest closes April 30th. Extra entry blanks may be had from Inner Sanctum Mysteries, Simon and Schuster, 1230 Sixth Avenue, New York.

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mental. W. H. Auden, in his new book, "The Double Man," has cleared a lot away, including much of his former self. He returns to the nice, crisp, open beat of four-stress iambic lines and to the couplets of the letter in rhyme, and he has reduced modern wisdom (of which there is some) to the simple proposition that Man is not perfect, or perhaps even perfectible; he must, however, keep going and try to do the best he can. Expecting the impossible of himself, and failing to achieve it, leads to dangerous self-contempt, panic, and despair.

In a rhymed letter to a trusted friend one can tell the truth, bring in many things not accessible otherwise to poetry, make a running comment upon the world and one's own soul without becoming pompous, examine the surroundings without pedantry. Auden does all these things in the "New Year Letter (1940)," of some seventeen hundred lines, addressed to Elizabeth Mayer. The poem is followed by a series of notes taking up more pages than the poem itself. These notes will undoubtedly irritate readers eager for a smooth flow of poetry as such, especially since some of the notes are irreverent. Believers in man's sublimity and the social optimists alike are in for a few jolts here. Auden ranges over embryology, psychiatry, anthropology, history, metaphysics, sociology, and modern views on the nature of the universe. He quotes Chekhov, Henry James, Margaret Meade, the authors of "Middletown," Soren Kierkegaard, Kafka, Rilke, Wolfgang Köhler, Thucydides, and Carl Jung, among others. That it is a real enjoyment to read these notes and relate them to Auden's text will not count, perhaps, to outraged specialists in the various fields. Other people will not care for the thought of the poet as student, notebook in hand, and not wrapped in a prophetic garment.

Quite apart from its sources and philosophy, "New Year Letter" is a pleasure to read. It is full of the aphorisms proper to, and charming in, the rhymed couplet. It runs to straight, unadorned nouns and verbs, so the occasional epithet comes as an accent and surprise, where recurrence would only create a mannerism. The poem has two climaxes of real power. One of these is a lyric burst, an actual emotional passage of a kind Auden has not up to now been given to.

A group, chiefly of sonnets, "The Quest," follows. It is in Auden's former manner and sounds a little composed. A short epilogue and prologue to the volume continue the cool, reticent

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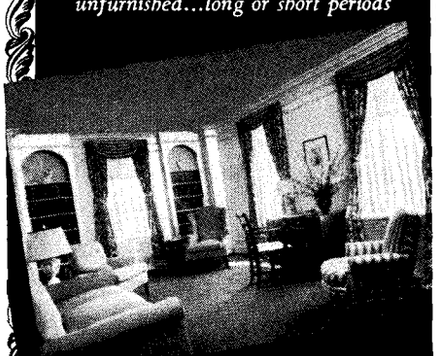

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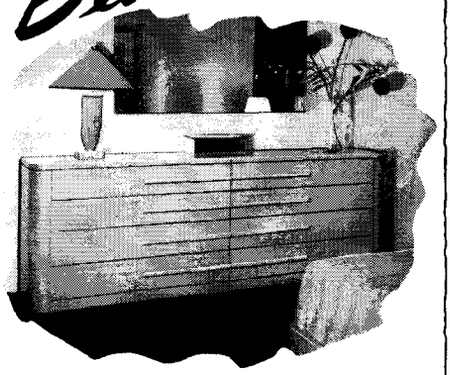

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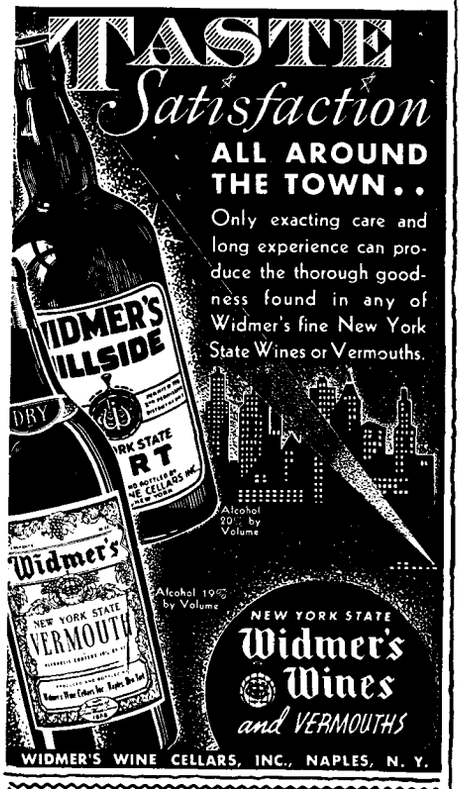

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sincerity into which Auden seems steadily to be working.

IT is interesting to place beside "The Double Man" a book in which the modern style has reached its apogee and, in my opinion, dead end. Horace Gregory's "Poems 1930-1940" is a selection from three previous books, to which new poems have been added. Gregory is of the post-Eliot school which tends to see man moving rudderless, like a ghost, or man building himself into a rather theatrical myth, lost in the labyrinth of the modern world. Gregory's tone is always completely literary, and his effects are based on contrasting this tone with the modern (chiefly urban) scene. Similar effects Rilke and Eliot learned from Baudelaire. The two things which such effects demand, in order really to come off, are a weight of terrible emotion behind them and the gifts of a true lyric poet. Gregory writes well, and his chosen manner improves as he goes along, but his poetry has a definite Graeco-Roman air about it, the air of a tendency pushed to its limit, of writing-in-the-manner-of-writing. No toughness of subject can help this manner. Nothing can break through it. It is lifeless, it is "literature." Poetry must stay outside the museum, no matter how "modern" that museum may be. It must sound, as someone has said, as though at one time in its existence it had flowed from the end of a human arm. —LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE GANG'S ALL HERE, by Harvey Smith. In which Tubby Rankin, class secretary, as his contribution to his twenty-fifth reunion lists the truth about his classmates of dear old Nostalgia. A good notion, but Mr. Marquand need not worry about his laurels. There are some sly hits, but for the most part Mr. Smith is fairly tame and often a victim himself of alma-mater sentimentality.

MISS GRANBY'S SECRET, OR THE BASTARD OF PINSK, by Eleanor Farjeon. Rather involved satire on sentimental Victorian romance. Miss Farjeon works in some not unamusing parody of Mary E. Braddon and her school of literature. However, the framework in which it is set is too elaborate for the thin joke.

BRIGHT WAS THEIR DESTINY, by John De Meyer. A novel of New England today—not the usual farm-and-weather piece but a serious ex-

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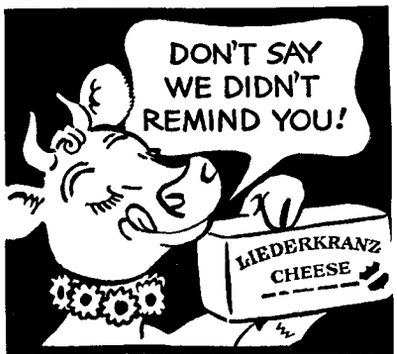

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amination of what is wrong with the first families and why the mills are either idle or have labor trouble. Mr. De Meyer says there is too much family tradition, concentration of wealth, and resistance to new ideas and new blood. A fresh approach, rather awkwardly handled, but interesting.

A HOUSE FOR EMILY, by Elizabeth Reeves. The life story of a wife and mother whose world was centred in her family and in the house she and her husband planned for too long. Place: a middle-sized American city. A readable account of a family with a little too much mother.

MERCY ISLAND, by Theodore Pratt. A neatly written tale of a boatful of visiting Northerners, marooned on an island in the Florida Keys, and the mysterious exile they find living there. Good, mosquito-ridden background and some clever character development. Altogether, a lively and entertaining adventure piece.

THOMAS-THOMAS-ANCIL-THOMAS, by Robert Peter Tristram Coffin. Mr. Coffin turns from poetry to a new kind of narrative technique, that of merging generations in one character so that the hero is sometimes the hero's father, sometimes his son. Pretty complicated and not a very good idea, though here and there the attachment of fathers and sons is touchingly presented.

RECKON WITH THE RIVER, by Clark McMeekin. Character study of an old woman whose experience has included life with the Indians and a trek down the Ohio into Kentucky. The background has the usual pioneer flavor and high color; the chief character is shrewd, courageous, full of fight, and never stumped by the difficulties and dangers of life in the wilderness.

EPISODE ON WEST 8TH STREET, by Jule Brousseau. A Greenwich Village novel written in the "Street Scene" style, though not as skillful or as pointed. A little Jewish tailor commits a murder on a hot August day; a poor Polish girl tries to kill herself. These two unrelated events affect the lives of a group of persons—a Wall Street promoter, a young couple out of work, an unhappy wife, and so on. Considerable drama, but too much coincidence and too many loose ends.

WALKING THE WHIRLWIND, by Brigid Knight. Three-generation novel about Cape Town, South Africa, from 1808 to 1880. The characters are mostly French and English; the

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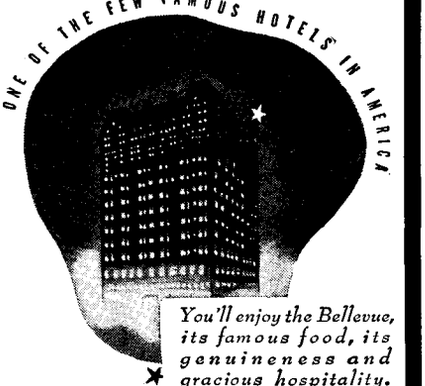

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action centres on an estate founded during the Huguenot immigration in the late seventeenth century. All right if you aren't fed up with history romance.

THE SNOW GOOSE, by Paul Gallico. Beautifully told and moving short story of a big white goose that flew over Dunkerque while the British were making their miraculous escape. First appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

GENERAL

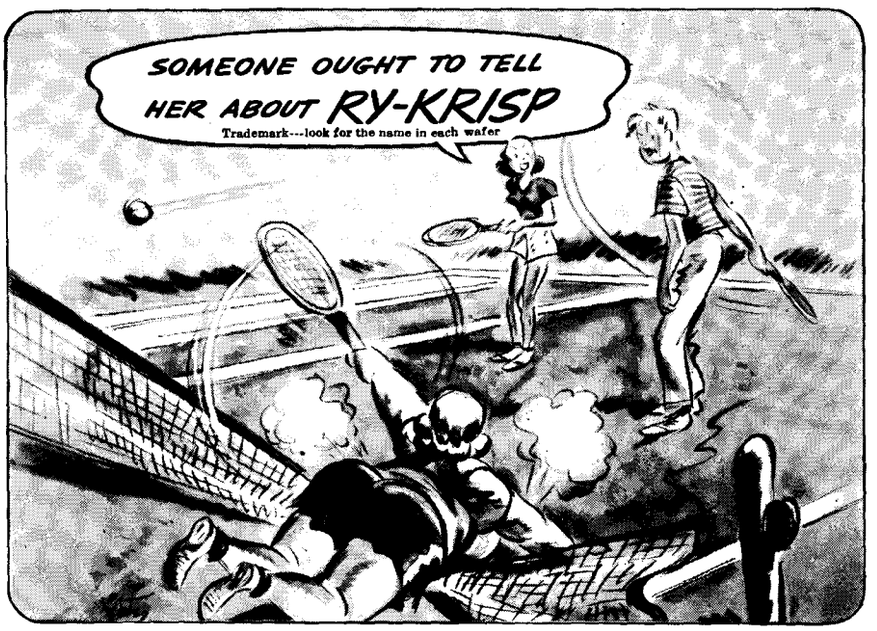
COLLECTED EDITION OF HEYWOOD BROUN, by Heywood Hale Broun. From the Harvard *Advocate* (1909) to the *Connecticut Nutmeg*, including selections from Broun's novels and the best pieces from his books of essays. A hundred and eighty-nine jobs of fervent, personal writing, many of them rising far above first-class journalism and few sinking below it. If anything were needed to convince anyone that Heywood Broun is irreplaceable, it would be this book.

DAWN WATCH IN CHINA, by Joy Homer. Interesting, occasionally naïve, and warmhearted reporting of the new China by a young American girl who speaks the language and loves the people. A sort of supplement to Edgar Snow's more professional "The Battle for Asia," whose content is similar.

ZAPATA: THE UNCONQUERABLE, by Edgcumb Pinchon. Stirring fictionized biography of the Indian leader who played a salient part in the Mexican Revolution of 1910. Against the harsh background of civil war in Mexico, the author gives us not the murderous Zapata his opponents pictured but a magnetic and generous man, the young ranchero who grew up to be a great horseman, a brilliant tactician, and a statesman in embryo, sincerely devoted to the cause of the peons. Sharp, impressionistic writing that manages to bring the subject to life.

A TIME TO SPEAK, by Archibald MacLeish. Twenty-six articles by the Librarian of Congress, written between 1929 and the present, comprising essays on writers and literature, the theatre, libraries, politics, the American scene, people, places, and events. A few seem dated or overly rhetorical, but most of them show the author's characteristic skill and eloquence. All but three have been published in various magazines.

ALLENBY, by General Sir Archibald



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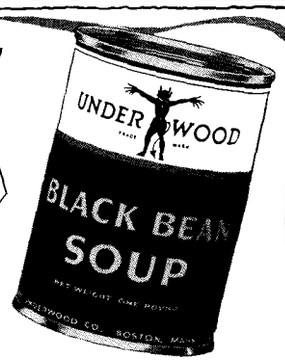

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THE MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION, by James Burnham. The author believes that capitalism is on the way out and that socialism has very little chance of replacing it. He makes a "descriptive" analysis of the world situation to prove that we are in for "a new form of exploiting, class society—managerial society;" that is, rule by production managers in control of state-owned industry and the state itself. This form, he says, is already far advanced in Russia and Germany and got off to a good start here with the New Deal. An ingenious argument, though the author seems to underestimate the importance of politics.

BUSH MASTER, by Nicol Smith. The author of "Burma Road" makes a slight but entertaining yarn of his adventures in the jungles of Dutch Guiana, complicated by jaguars, voodoo, Gada-Ouri snakes, and a slightly cracked German physician who called himself the Bush Master and turned out, rather incredibly, to be a Fifth Columnist of sorts. Passable photographs by the author.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

GOOD NIGHT, SHERIFF, by Harrison R. Steeves. Agnes Earlie is found dead on a deserted road near a quiet New England town, with a bullet through her brain. Her death is investigated by a doctor who represents a New York insurance firm. This well-plotted story, written by a professor of English at Columbia University, is convincing from the beginning to the end, when the doctor finds out that Bill Ackerley, county sheriff, has known the answer to the puzzle all along.

•

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[*From an editorial in the Wisconsin Medical Journal*]

What we need in this country is some clear thinking. We need the help and advice of those in position to lead, to get us through this labyrinth. It can be done and it will be done, and the froth that has boiled up at times on the merry-go-round will jell.

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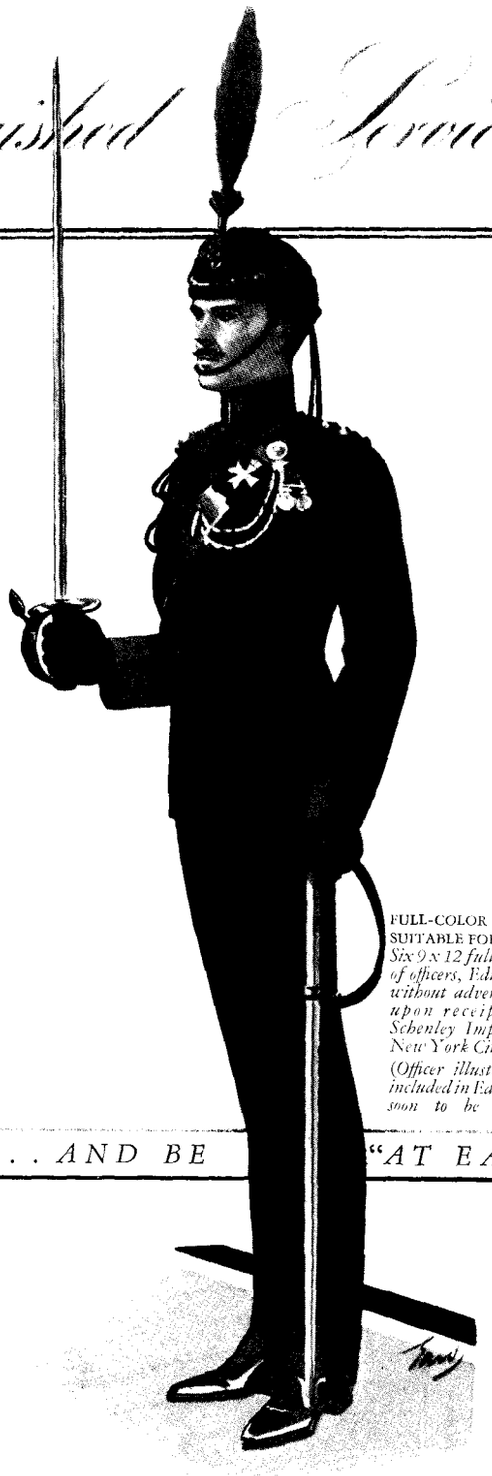

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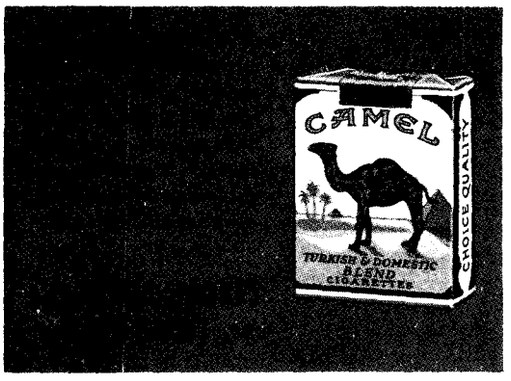

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